Grandmaster Nabokov *John Updike*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 26, 1964, 35 cents

$500 Million Mistake

Regulating the AT&T

Asher Brynes

Sir Alec Douglas-Home

Hugh Massingham

Goldwater on Tour

T.R.B.

School Boycott

Murray Kempton

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Nobody But Us Whites

★ A foreigner traveling with Barry Goldwater in the South wouldn't know there were any Negroes in it. They seem to have withdrawn from main streets; they don't appear at his political gatherings; they aren't asked to sit on the speakers' platform. Nor does Barry discuss civil rights. He tells reporters that "states' rights have superseded civil rights," so there's no use bothering with them. The issue is everywhere, it intrudes on everybody's thoughts, but it's like sex – it isn't mentioned.

Senator Goldwater preaches a moral revivalism with a mystic quality. "I don't like the way the country is drifting," he tells a breakfast at Winston-Salem. "I find it hard to put my finger on what's wrong. Something deep in your hearts tells you that something's wrong. . . ."

Again at Atlanta he says, "I believe you people have something on your minds, something in your hearts. I don't know just what it is. But I think that after another week or ten days I'll know what it is."

That was September 15, so by the time you read this the Republican nominee may have discovered what's worrying the country.

The Senator baffles, frustrates and ultimately infuriates many reporters traveling with him; curiously enough he eludes many in his audiences, too. He is a striking, handsome, romantic figure as he comes before the microphones. When his interviews begin appearing in homes in the big TV program soon, his popularity ratings should jump. He has a dashing, sun-dusted, boyish attractiveness. He rarely uses oratorical flourishes. He says the most extraordinary things in a low-keyed, matter-of-fact way.

The audiences cheer, they applaud everything he says, but somehow he doesn't satisfy them. They want to be whipped up; he doesn't do it. They want a catharsis of emotionalism for their anxiety and frustration and hate but he doesn't give it to them. The lovers meet and neck and then go off to separate homes. The affair isn't consummated.

There's never been anything like the Goldwater campaign. He makes electrifying assertions and then wafts away; he offers programs but only leaves more questions. There is a dreamlike quality about it. Any one problem would take an hour to explain.

In October, 1963, he suggested that the government sell the Tennessee Valley Authority. And so he comes to Knoxville, home of TVA, and explains that a President couldn't sell TVA anyway, and that what he said should be considered in the framework in which he said it, namely that "a power-mad group in Washington" is trying to get a "planned socialized economy." The important thing, he adds, is that "the people in an area should have access to adequate power at reasonable cost," and "that I stand by." The crowd applauds dutifully. What did he mean? Overhead an airplane tows a sign of masterful political compression: "Vote LBJ Keep TVA."

Ends Without Means

★ Mr. Goldwater wants a weaker central government but with a stronger foreign policy; he wants less federal spending but a larger military establishment; he would achieve economy by abolishing the draft and relying on voluntary enlistments (which would require higher soldier pay, and cost more), he wants the government to remove "bullies and marauders" from city streets but opposes a federal police force.

It goes on and on. He tells farmers that he would reduce or end price supports; Florida pensioners that he would not expand the social security system.

Most baffling perhaps is his five percent a year five-year tax cut plan for corporate and individual income taxes. He tells an audience at Birmingham that this is a "fair principle of equal treatment for all." He assails the "gimcracky" Johnson tax cut, which of course he voted against. Questions burst forth. How would a poor man benefit who pays no income tax at all? How is it "fair" to level off a purposely graduated tax so as to give far greater benefits to the big than the little? Mr. Goldwater doesn't say.

An endless debate goes on among the traveling observers as to whether he believes what he says. One correspondent recalls traveling with him and expostulating with him about his rash comments to reporters. Senator Goldwater disarmingly agreed. They arrived at Chicago and a group of newsmen were on hand; they put a microphone in front of him. "An American professor has just been arrested in Russia as a spy," they told him. "What do you have to say?"

"Maybe he is a spy," said Mr. Goldwater.

After the Election

★ Senator Goldwater is going to be badly defeated. He is getting fair crowds but not enormous ones, and the South is his best hope. Doing better than Senator Strom Thurmond in Dixie isn't going to help him in New York. He is an amiable no-think; a man who shouldn't have been named by either political party, a failure of the convention process.

But Senator Goldwater is going to leave his impress on America. His nomination and campaign in the South come at a moment of historic party fluidity and realignment. The GOP will never be the same again. What he is achieving is a lily-white Southern Republican Party that isn't likely to be effaced easily by party moderates in the North. Senator Goldwater will lose this year; but he's only 55; he isn't going to pass and be forgotten like Senator Joseph McCarthy.

He is likely to leave a political legacy behind him.

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One Man, One Vote

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The Dirksen rider is a proposed amendment to the annual foreign aid bill in the Senate, to which it is not remotely germane. The rider would require federal courts in which the constitutionality of various state legislative apportionments is now being litigated, pursuant to the Supreme Court's "one person, one vote" ruling of last spring, to withhold reapportionment orders long enough for regular elections to be conducted this year and next under existing apportionments. There is a bit more, but this is the heart of the matter. Longer postponements would be possible, but they would remain in the discretion of the courts, which could, if they chose, not grant any postponement at all in a case which seemed to them to present "highly-unusual circumstances"; a case, for example, in which a legislature, having previously been granted ample time, had simply dragged its feet. Finally, Senator Dirksen would affirm the power of the courts to proceed with the apportionment of legislatures which have failed to reapportion themselves *after* the prescribed period of time granted them has elapsed. He would thus put Congress on record as approving the Supreme Court's reapportionment decisions – a form of Congressional backing it took ten years to obtain for the segregation cases of 1954.

This hardly seems a virulent attack on the federal judiciary. The Dirksen rider has virtually nothing in common with the notorious Jenner-Butler bills of 1957-58. The honor of emulating those abominations belongs to the Tuck bill, passed in the House but defeated in the Senate, which attempts to overrule the Supreme Court's apportionment holdings by depriving all federal courts of jurisdiction in any further apportionment cases, and voiding outstanding orders in such cases which have not actually been executed. The Tuck bill strikes at the jugular of judicial independence, asserting a Congressional power simply to overrule constitutional decisions. In the judgment of many competent authorities it is unconstitutional.

We have, on the other hand, the opinion of the Acting Attorney General, Nicholas Katzenbach, and the Solicitor General, Archibald Cox, both former law professors, that the Dirksen rider *is* constitutional. It merely elaborates, after all, and makes explicit the Supreme Court's own statement of last spring that "under certain circumstances . . . equitable considerations might justify a court in withholding the granting of immediately effective relief . . . even though the existing apportionment scheme was found invalid." The Supreme Court added: "In awarding or withholding immediate relief, a court

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is entitled to and should consider the proximity of a forthcoming election and the mechanics and complexities of state election laws. . . . [A] court can reasonably endeavor to avoid a disruption of the election process which might result from requiring precipitate changes that could make unreasonable or embarrassing demands on a state. . . ."

Yet the Dirksen rider has been subjected to a filibuster in the Senate by a band of liberals, who on September 10 more than handily defeated an attempt to impose cloture so that a vote could be taken on it. (The failure on the same day of an attempt to table the rider indicated, however, that a substantial majority of Senators may favor its enactment.) This determined opposition is justified because a rider – an amendment to a major bill having absolutely no relation to its subject matter – is an irresponsible and reprehensible legislative device. It puts legislators who oppose the rider to an irrational and intolerable choice between their views on the rider and their views on the bill itself. And it makes an end run around one of the constitutionally prescribed stages in the legislative process, namely, Presidential approval. For a President, no matter what his feelings, is unlikely to veto a major part of his legislative program on the incidental issue of a rider; he is, in other words, virtually foreclosed from exercising on the rider the independent judgment that the Constitution enjoins upon him with respect to all legislation.

Reapportionment

To break the impasse in the Senate, Messrs. Jacob Javits and Eugene McCarthy conceived, and the Administration, speaking through Senator Hubert Humphrey, negotiated and backed a substitute for the Dirksen rider. This proposal did not speak to the federal courts in the mandatory tone of the Dirksen rider, and made no specific mention of the 1964 and 1965 elections. It expressed instead "the sense of the Congress," to the effect that there is no need for the courts to rush headlong into reapportionment, as if in a race against the first snows of winter. "Reasonable time," said the substitute, should be afforded state legislatures, and it was to be expected that the federal courts would have heeded this gentle admonition no less than the qualified command of the Dirksen text; at any rate, the courts would have heeded it long enough to give the Supreme Court time to tell them whether or not to heed it. The substitute omitted the Dirksen provision endorsing the Court's reapportionment rulings as such, and it went on to commend further delay to the courts "in the event" that Congress should submit for ratification an amendment to the federal Constitution changing or modifying the "one person, one vote" principle. But this might have led to longer postponement than the Dirksen rider would require, and it seemed to proclaim – all too casually and prior to any real consideration – the possibility of a constitutional amendment, if not an actual intention to propose one. Mr. Dirksen has said plainly enough that he will try to amend the Constitution, and the Republican platform so promises, but the Dirksen rider has the virtue of not proclaiming any such intention in the name of Congress, and of not even suggesting that court orders in pending apportionment cases should await completion of a process of amendment, which is ordinarily quite lengthy.

The Javits-McCarthy substitute, then, was scarcely much of an improvement, from anybody's point of view. It was narrowly beaten last week by the votes of those who prefer the Dirksen text, plus Senator Morse, who is against any rider at all. The upshot is that the Dirksen proposal remains before the Senate. It will have to be disposed of before adjournment.

But it remains a highly improper vehicle for Congressional action on problems created by hasty court orders in some states (*e.g.*, Connecticut and New York). If there is to be any action at all on apportionment, it should come through orderly legislative procedure, and the bill should contain no hint of Constitutional amendment, which can so easily be read as a quasi-commitment to propose one. The Constitution, if it deserves nothing else, deserves to be dealt with deliberately.

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Lippmann at 75

On September 23, 1914, Walter Lippmann was reading proofs of his second book, *Drift and Mastery*. He was also, as a founding editor, helping to plan the first issue of this journal, which appeared six weeks later.

Drift and Mastery and the early *New Republic* spoke to a Progressive era, confident that out of this "jungle of machines" a good society could be made. The nation felt, and was, more secure than we know ourselves to be today. Americans had less reason then than now to be interested in foreigners in far-off places. Walter Lippmann, 50 years ago, was "entirely unprepared," as he told a Boston University graduating class this summer, for the fact that he would be "living in a time of great wars and revolutions. It never occurred to me to doubt that the tranquil world I had been born into was built on solid rock and that after man's long struggle to go onward and upward, he had found the right way of permanent progress toward a better life." The First World War shattered that solid rock.

Yet, at 25, the author of *Drift and Mastery* was prescient enough to write that, "Modern Democrats recognize that the abolition of poverty is the most immediate question before the world today, and they have imagination enough to know that the success of the war against poverty will be the conquest of new territory for civilized life." He could cheerfully acknowledge that no paradise awaits mortal men, and nevertheless believe in the redemptive power of "a disciplined love of the real world."

Inevitably, one preoccupied for so long with the "real world" could find no comfort in the Don Quixote who this year offers himself as the Republican candidate for President. "A dreamer," Mr. Lippmann calls him, the kind of dreamer to whom "everything becomes possible when you have said that it should happen." That is fantasy, and in *Drift and Mastery*, Lippmann had had his say about the fantast who "gives up the struggle with actual affairs in order to find a temporary home in the warmth of memory and the fervor of impossible hopes." The genius among politicians, he said in that book, "is he who can deal in his own time with the social forces that lead to a better one. . . . He does not think his duty in life is merely to keep old institutions in good repair. He grasps the facts of his age . . . suffuses them with their promise, and directs them into the structure of the future." Over all the things that are there "hovers a feeling for what they might be. A sharp and clear sense of existence is shot through with the lights of its possibilities."

No estimate of Walter Lippmann's contribution can be too generous. He has, as the citation for the Medal of Freedom awarded him last week read, "enlarged the horizons of public thinking . . . through the power of measured reason and detached perspective." Others seek the "scoop"; he settles for the significant. He simplifies without distorting, because he thinks clearly, and not because truth has ever seemed to him simple.

In Europe, this combination of scholarship and journalism is familiar, if not commonplace. Here it is as rare as the whooping crane. Fortunately, there is no need for a Society to Preserve Walter Lippmann, who is a lively 75 this week.

Subsidized Morale

The General Accounting Office is back from another trek to the inner reaches of the Pentagon with information that we are paying $2 million a year to boost the "recreation and morale" of defense contractor employees. A slender volume published by a House armed services subcommittee goes into this business in detail, pointing out for example that to achieve "better identification of supervision with management," the Martin Company of Denver conducts each year a crab feast for its supervisory personnel. In 1962 and 1963 these feasts featured a round-trip flight of a company-leased DC-6 between Denver and Baltimore to deliver more than two tons of clams and crabs. The total price came to about $6,000 in 1963; much of it was charged to the government under Defense Department regulations permitting contractors to pass along such costs to the taxpayer.

North American Aviation, Inc., put in a claim for $160,000 in food losses for fiscal 1962. About half the total loss stemmed from a dining room where executives were given $3 meals free. In the same year it was claiming food losses, the firm donated food service profits from vending machines totaling $1.2 million to an employee welfare fund.

The largest single party check turned up by the subcommittee in its investigations of 28 contractors was passed on to the government by the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Division of United Aircraft at East Hartford, Conn. Each year the company gives a party for employees with 25 years' service. In 1962 the banquet cost $16,053. The Navy allowed the whole amount because it was "impracticable" to make an audit. At a similar banquet in 1963, the government was billed for about $15,000.

The subcommittee found that most of the time the Defense Department's auditors don't bother to look into these expenses. When they do, the results are odd. Charles E. Deardorff, an Air Force procurement analyst involved with Hughes Aircraft Company contracts, said that the Air Force had been accepting a cocktail party as a legitimate morale-type expense; drinks at dinner in a restaurant, however, are out.

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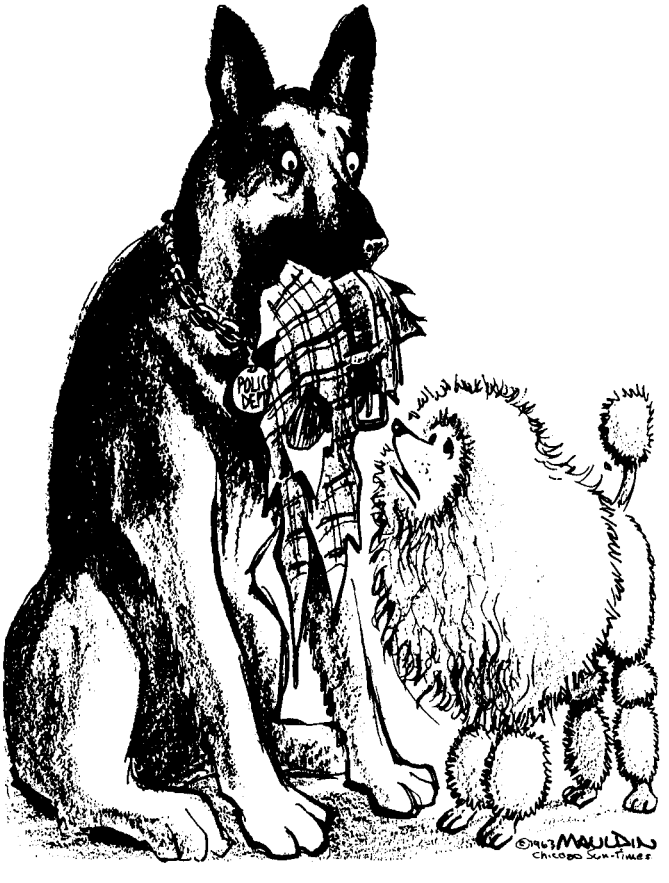
New York School Boycott

New York City

New York moved a modest distance closer to its ideal of a racially-integrated public school system with rather less decorum than Mississippi and Alabama usually manage in similarly small steps these days.

On the first day of school, fully a quarter of all pupils did not show up. Most of them were back by the third day, but in isolated places a few hundred were still holding out. In six different neighborhoods, unappeasable white parents insisted that they would never surrender to the Board of Education's integration order. They moved ahead slowly and clumsily with plans to establish private schools, different from those pioneered by Prince Edward County in Virginia only because the ones in New York would be more skimpily housed and less adequately staffed.

These hold-outs are in a terrible position. They live in a society accustomed to think itself better than the South, and yet they have feelings not unlike those of white Alabamans. There is a war between the way they would like to sound and the way they feel. They have to begin by talking, as beggars cling to rags, not about the Negro, but about the sanctity of the neighborhood school.



"Up North We Sort of Nibble 'em to Death."

A depressing outlet for all their private feelings was Public School 149 in Jackson Heights, Queens, where mothers and grandmothers turned out to picket in protest against the Board of Education's decision to mix its pupils with those of Public School 92 in Corona – six short blocks away. They were, they said, defending the identity of their neighborhood school, but the only plausible way to identify Jackson Heights is that last year PS 149 had an enrollment 87 percent white; and an indisputable way to identify Corona is that last year its PS 92 had a 99 percent Negro enrollment. Jackson Heights is no farther from Corona than the distance between the sidewalks of one thoroughfare, but they are not neighbors.

There were fewer pickets outside PS 149 than might have been expected, especially considering that the resistance had promised that Jackson Heights would have a happy proportion of the 2,000 pickets who were to be the visible symbol of the white school boycott. By 9 a.m., there were no more than 35 pickets, and that total was fleshed out by protestors who said that they were proud to be from Brooklyn.

It takes a special sort of person to picket a school; an ordinary woman, whatever the fires within her, is restrained by a decent concern for the way she looks carrying a sign proclaiming her determination to fight. But no such reticence was manifest here. These women felt themselves to be the Insiders, and everyone else from the street who was not on their side was an Outsider. Heaven save the peace-loving citizens whose neighbors are out to protect the neighborhood.

An Outsider, a father, stood in front of PS 149 and explained that it would be a far better school that he would be sending his children to now than it had ever been. The Board of Education, he went on, having saved $400,000 by pairing the two schools, proposed to spend it by buying new textbooks, hiring more teachers and reducing class sizes. As he talked, the Insiders, parents and citizens, began drifting off their picket line, and neighbors began quarreling. "Where do these people come from?" said an Insider mother. "They are agitators, paid to stand around." The Outsider father and an Insider father began arguing about what a society owes to the comfort of a parent. "When I moved here, I was told that my apartment was right across the street from the school," the Insider father said. "And now they're moving my kid six blocks. Isn't it American for your child to be sent where *you* want to send him?" It is American – and Barry Goldwater presum-

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ably agrees – for a man to believe that his children's school, whose cost his taxes don't begin to meet, is property sold to him by his real estate agent and that it is larceny to move it.

The Outsider father agreed that it was an inconvenience to have the school six blocks away, but it did not seem to him absolutely unendurable. "Sure," he said, "I'd like to have the school in my apartment. I don't like to see my wife have to do extra work." "Is your wife white?" an Insider mother exclaimed. The Outsider father answered that she certainly was, and another Insider mother asked him what he was getting paid just to stand around, because she had never seen him in the neighborhood. He showed her his driver's license. He had an address across the street. The Insider father began again. "Is it democracy," he said, "for me to have a right to vote on where I send my child to school?" The Outsider father answered that in this government you don't vote on a moral issue. "Morals," the Insider mother exclaimed, "you have no morals! The only government you care about is the Moscow one."

On the fringes of this inconclusive discussion another Outsider citizen said to an Insider mother that this is a moment when all the world is watching what America will do about this great moral problem.

"We belong where we want to be. What do you know about this?" the Insider mother exclaimed, hitting the Outsider citizen with her umbrella. "This is an emotional problem. You don't have children." A cop was called and politely asked the Outsider citizen if he would move along and restore the peace, which he politely did. In the peace that was restored, an Insider father was saying that he truly cared about the Negro, but that he wished the Negro cared more about himself. "We have," he said, "a good school here because we worked for it. Their school is bad, because they didn't care about it." "That's right!" an Insider mother exclaimed. "We wouldn't stand for a school without a gymnasium." An Outsider Negro of middle years and respectable mien was listening to all this and said, quite irrelevantly, of course: "The only thing I wonder about is why when we try to move into your neighborhoods you chase us out."

The Insider citizen reasserted that it was quite the other way, and that he had a friend who had wanted to stay in Corona even after the Negroes moved into his block, but they chased *him* out because they didn't like white people. "I don't believe that," the Outsider Negro said. "Just where was his house?" "What do you want?" the Insider citizen shot back. "All New York?"

Three Negro adolescents had come over from Corona to look at the Insiders. One colored girl walked near the picket line. An Insider mother said, "Don't let her get too close; it might rub off." She was wheeling one child in a stroller and leading another. That was Jackson Heights, Queens, New York at the beginning of last week – two little kids picketing a school, and their mother teaching them social science.

Murray Kempton

GOING, IF NOT GONE, ARE THE GOOD OLD BAD DAYS

Israel: Image and Reality

The foreign visitor to Israel, on an officially conducted tour, could be expected to be shown a flourishing *kibbutz* along with a new, struggling border settlement; a new town in the Negev, a factory under construction in a new development area, a cooperative plant run by its own workers. He will hardly notice that the old, established *kibbutz* owes much of its affluence to *hired* labor; that only very few young Israelis join the new *kibbutzim*, and that anyway very few new *kibbutzim* are being founded nowadays; that in the new town in the Negev, the vast majority of the population is comprised of Afro-Asian immigrants, who were told that the only place where they could get government housing was there and not in Tel-Aviv, and that the local elite (government officials, trade union bosses, teachers) will be almost exclusively old-timers, of European stock, who were mainly attracted to the place by the generous tax exemption the government is giving anyone settling in development areas. He may not always be aware of the fact that most of the new factories, though built with government loans and subsidies, are privately owned and contribute to the emergence of a new class of *nouveaux riches*, who thrive on government finance; and that *Histadruth*, the once so powerful Trade Union Congress, is losing ground and becoming a rather messy affair of un-

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coordinated interest groups, with very little time or patience for a vision of the New Society.

The fact that much of the new immigration Israel has been getting in the last years comes from backward Afro-Asian countries contributes much to the formation of a social and cultural abyss between a "European" middle class and a "non-European" proletariat. The government is doing its best to close the gap by pouring millions of pounds into education, housing, training and other projects intended to advance the more backward sections of the population.

Yet this is only one aspect of the problem. The most disturbing fact about the shift from an egalitarian to a more stratified society is that it happened while the country was being ruled by a coalition government headed by Mapai, the Israel Labour Party, and that many of Mapai's own leaders are rather at a loss to recognize the society they helped to build.

The ideas which created Jewish Palestine prior to 1948 were never wholly abandoned after Independence was achieved. Even today Mapai's official program is a document dating back to 1944, advocating the creation of a "workers' society," based on equality and public control of the main means of production. But while in 1950 the present Foreign Minister, Mrs. Golda Meir, could still maintain "we shall all see Socialism in our own generation," Prime Minister Eshkol's plea to Mapai's Conference in 1963 to reconsider the possibility of having a more socialistically-minded policy, was greeted by many delegates as mere lip service; some, like the present Minister of Agriculture and former Chief of Staff, Moshe Dayan, greeted it with overt hostility and talked about "romanticism run wild," maintaining that "you can't put the clock back."

This is certainly the outcome of the unprecedented efforts Israel had to make to accommodate more than 1.2 million immigrants in 15 years, and she could not be too particular about the means. Though the socialistic basic tenets were maintained, policy-making followed a far more pragmatic, hand-to-mouth tortured way. This double standard is rather symbolized by the present Minister of Finance, Trade and Industry, Pinhas Sapir, one of the leading Mapai "troika" (Eshkol-Sapir-Meir).

On one hand, it was Sapir who recently fulminated against speculation on the stock exchange and in land – but then it turned out that he was responsible for granting a lease to a private company which is developing Ashdod's new harbor at ridiculously low prices, knowing that the company could easily sell the land at enormous profit, which it readily has done. Sapir was responsible for attaching many of the middle-class people and industrialists to Mapai by granting them very generous government loans for development projects – some of which were of rather speculative nature, like the notorious Jimmy Levy textile plant in Nazareth which collapsed after less than a year, but not before "Jimmy" got a few millions of government money A whole smart set of operators who know how to pull the ropes in the right direction in the appropriate ministries has developed: promoters, land developers, sham investors, hotel entrepreneurs. No corruption is involved; just a government which leans rather too heavily backwards when it should be far more stringent with public money.

On the other hand Sapir is apt to appear as a fierce anti-capitalist fighter, clamp down on the stock exchange by way of a capital gains tax, announce a new, rather unnecessary, death duty – thus alienating both the left and the right.

Things Are Better, But Worse

Not so long ago political decisions were taken by a small group of labor leaders, trade union officials, party militants, *Histadruth*, industry potentates, with *kibbutz* members prominent among all the different groups. The labor parties gave their *kibbutz* sector overdue representation in Parliament and the *kibbutz* way of life, though far from being anything like universal, was considered the "typical" way of life which one should really adopt if one could. (Most people, of course, had plenty of special pleading to justify their inability to be on the side of the angels; still, you felt that you needed to justify yourself.)

The coming of the State of Israel changed much of this. The need for foreign investments eased the more puritan morality and gave the profit motive (a dirty word in the old days) an almost patriotic ring: Ben-Gurion went to some talmudic lengths to explain that one can be a *halutz* (pioneer) not only on a collective settlement, but also as a captain of industry, a captain in the army or in a responsible government job, as a scientist or as a doctor. Efficiency, not equality, became the *leitmotif* of the political creed, and the egalitarian wage system was overhauled accordingly. A professional civil service was being set up, and a university degree started to be considered a better qualification than *kibbutz* membership or even an excellent record in the *Hagannah*. Even the army became professionalized and hierarchical, and though it is still treated somewhat as a sacred cow, most people would agree that the reasons for signing on for the regular army would be of an economic and status nature as much as patriotic conviction. As tourism became one of the main sources of foreign exchange, much of the natural beauty and historical background of the country became commercialized. Many a tourist guide in today's Israel, as avid for a tip as tourist guides everywhere, would have thought a tip degrading 10 years ago. Still,

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there is no doubt that Israel has lately become a far more cultured and pleasant place to live in. The country is experiencing an unprecedented boom, the standard of living is continually rising (and with it the gap between the different population groups is getting more and more pronounced), more and glossier cars are seen around, people get used to having their holidays abroad. They never had it so good.

But on the other hand everybody seems to be grumbling: because the man next door is making an even greater packet, because not all the status symbols can be attained as quickly as one would like to. A certain sense of nostalgia is accompanying this social climbing, and one of the more recurrent patterns in recent Israeli novels and plays is the story of the ex-*kibbutz* member, who lives now with his family in Tel Aviv, enjoying the Good Life, yet somehow feeling that the good old days, when nobody had anything and so all shared everything, were really much better.

Zionism based itself on the assumption that once Jewish people are allowed an autonomous existence in a society of their own, their social organization will ultimately be transformed. The idea behind Jewish Eastern European students leaving their schoolbooks and becoming agricultural workers had much to do with the feeling that Jews were too much of a middle-class in Europe, that they had to develop an over-all social structure, with a proletariat and a peasantry, before they could really become a nation. The first 40 years in Palestine seemed to have given birth to a new image of a Jew, and much of the admiration for the Israeli-born, tough *sabra* cashes in on this anti-middle-class bias of original Zionism.

But all that seems to be changing. In Israel today few people really believe that one should be a peasant and not a doctor, a worker and not a scientist. The traditional patterns of Jewish society, middle-classness, are reasserting themselves. Studying and making as much money as possible are becoming more and more the general ethos of society. In brief Israel is approaching not only the normal, bourgeois democracies of the West, but also the traditional patterns of Jewish society in the West against whose "inverted social pyramid" early Zionism rebelled. Many foreign visitors do already find Tel Aviv too reminiscent of a combination of Miami Beach, Fla., and Golders Green, London. With most of the European Jews becoming utterly bourgeois in Israel, and with the Afro-Asian Jews desperately wanting to emulate them but mostly unable to do so, the social pattern of Israel is causing many observers to be more than a bit uneasy.

Shlomo Avineri

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Sir Alec Douglas-Home

The Prime Minister Meets the People

London

Britain's election on October 15 falls only three weeks before America's, and the contrast between Sir Alec Douglas-Home, the leader of the Conservatives, and Mr. Harold Wilson, his Socialist rival, is as great as the contrast between Mr. Goldwater and Mr. Johnson. Mr. Wilson is by this time a fairly familiar figure even in Washington and Moscow. There he goes on his busy rounds – chubby, deceptively friendly, smoking a comforting pipe. Although Mr. Wilson is still sometimes thought of in Conservative circles as a man of the left and secretly red in tooth and claw, he has none of the rabble-rousing gifts of his old playmate, the late Aneurin Bevan. He is without the actor's flair and is therefore never in triumphant control when addressing a mass audience. He is at his best in the smaller arena of the House of Commons where his wit, his sophistication, his snide remarks all make him a formidable opponent. Indeed for the connoisseur, nothing is more rewarding than to watch Mr. Wilson at question time in the Chamber. He will rise, looking the picture of innocence and slightly bewildered, to make some remark that may seem innocuous but always has a trap.

Sir Alec is a very different person. Unlike Mr. Wilson, who comes from an artisan family, Sir Alec is an aristocrat who can trace his origins to the beginning of English – or rather Scottish – history. In order to sit in the House of Commons and thus become leader of the Conservative Party and Prime Minister, he renounced no less than six Peerages.

But before trying to analyze this strange and unlikely leader, let us consider the problem that faced him when he was drafted a little under a year ago. When two of Mr. Macmillan's Ministers – Iain Macleod and Enoch Powell – refused to serve under Sir Alec, it looked as if he might have some difficulty in holding the party together. Nor was this all. The Conservatives had been in power for three successive terms; the public was plainly becoming bored and longed for more exciting horizons. This may seem a little odd because even at the end of 1963 Britain had seldom been so prosperous. The point has now been reached when there are more jobs than men to fill them.

There is hardly a house, even in the poorer districts, that is not blessed by that modern sign of the Cross –

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a television aerial. Or take a revealing detail that tells us a great deal more than the imposing statistics. The other day an army of teenagers ran amok in a seaside resort. One of the boys confessed to a newspaper that, in a good week, he earned some £40 – a fabulous wage by English standards. He was found guilty and then paid the £75 fine by check. His father at the same age would probably have been unemployed and would have had to live on a pittance paid out of public funds. This is the vast change that has happened in Britain since the bad old days of the thirties.

Oddly enough, it presents the Conservatives with a problem. Harold Macmillan won the last election for the Tories with the slick slogan of "You've never had it so good." The Conservative posters shouted, "Don't let Labour ruin it." But according to the Gallup Poll, the British electorate now finds these brave words both tired and inadequate.

When Mr. Macmillan retired because of illness, no one had thought of Sir Alec. The favorite for the leadership was R. A. Butler, that weary titan, who has one of the best political brains in Britain. A few were for Iain MacLeod, who for years had been the bright boy of the Tory Party. Many were for Reginald Maudling, the Chancellor of the Exchequer – a nice, convivial man who knows as much about rich old Burgundy as he does about economics. There was Lord Hailsham, as he then was, a brilliant but slightly dotty man who was the darling of the rank-and-file in the country. Against all the odds Sir Alec came romping home. He could not have succeeded unless the Conservative Party had felt that it wanted a new deal.

It should be remembered that Sir Alec was chosen at a time of scandal. There had been the Profumo case – this murky story of prostitutes and ministers and Russian spies and the ignoble and parvenu Astors. What the Conservative Party wanted was a new moral tone. It wanted to feel clean again.

Hence the choice of Sir Alec. He is a good churchman as well as an honorable man. There would be no scandals while he was at No. 10 Downing Street. The same, of course, could be said of Mr. Butler or Mr. MacLeod or Mr. Maudling or Lord Hailsham; in fact, being political animals to their finger tips, they would be much more likely to prevent another scandal than such a comparative innocent as Sir Alec. But he had attractions that his rivals did not have. The Tories dearly love a Lord and Sir Alec at that time was the fourteenth earl. He had also attacked the United States, which in Conservative circles is thought to be showing the flag and a sign of righteousness and virility.

Although he has been in politics for more than 30 years, the electorate knew little – or indeed, nothing – about him. True, he had been in charge of the Commonwealth and then afterward had had a spell at the Foreign Office, but he had always been in the background – a faceless man – nice, worthy and slightly unimportant. Now both the electorate and Sir Alec have been trying to adjust themselves to the astonishing fact that, in the second half of the 20th Century, with men being catapulted to the moon, the British Conservatives have chosen a leader whose background is practically feudal.

He was brought up in the idyllic surroundings of his prosperous family acres. He soon learned to shoot and fish and indeed has always been keenly interested in all forms of sport. He was in the cricket eleven at Eton, the school to which the children of the rich and high born in Britain are automatically sent, and would, perhaps, have got a blue at Oxford if he had been there in a lean year. "He is a useful cricketer," one of his captains said at the time in what now seems a slightly ironic phrase, "but should not go in too high up in batting order."

After serving a rather silent apprenticeship in the House, Sir Alec became Neville Chamberlain's Parliamentary private secretary. There is no doubt that he was in favor of appeasement, although it is only fair to add that he was slightly disgusted when Neville Cham-

Labour Is Still Ahead

With the British back from summer holidays, the campaign at last begins in earnest. Though the bookmakers still offer odds of two-to-one on a Labour victory, Conservative morale is higher than it was when Parliament last met at the beginning of August. One of the two most respected polling organizations, National Opinion Polls, showed the Labour lead crumble away altogether in August, giving the Conservatives the prospect of victory for the first time in two years. But the Gallup Poll showed the Labour lead constant throughout at between six and seven percent – the same as the Conservative lead in August, 1959, two months before the election which gave them a majority of over a hundred seats in Parliament.

It is possible that the polling sample used by NOP exaggerates the importance of the rural vote, which is overwhelmingly Conservative, and gives inadequate representation to the younger voters, who are mainly Labour, though Harold Wilson warned his party in July that the polls were liable to be feverish during the holiday period when political interest flags. In any case the Labour Party is confident that once electioneering really gets going it will make substantial early gains in public opinion, as it did in the last four general election campaigns.

DENIS HEALEY, M.P.

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berlain returned to England from the Munich meeting with the dictators and claimed that he had brought back "peace with honor." Sir Alec was not so innocent as all that. Nor has he been a Tory stooge. During the war, when Britain and America imagined that they were spending a beautiful honeymoon with Russia, he was one of the few who dared to speak up against Churchill and warn the democracies that the leopard was still hell-bent on its ancient predatory way.

The fascination of the last few months has been to observe Sir Alec trying to make himself known to the public. It has not been easy because, having spent most of his ministerial life dealing with Commonwealth or foreign affairs, Sir Alec is manifestly lost when it comes to domestic politics. He has confessed that he has to use match sticks when he is asked to work out an economic or financial problem.

A messenger in King Henry V cries:

"Arise, arise, English nobility,
"Let not sloth dim your honours new begot."

Nobody can accuse Sir Alec of sloth. Since he became Prime Minister he has been up and down the country, addressing mass meetings of the faithful or talking to a few random sightseers in market squares. Observe that this has not been a one-sided affair: Sir Alec is learning as much about the British public as the British public is learning about him. He has seen a factory or two. He has had a lunch in a pub. Certainly he is much more sure of himself than he was some 10 months ago. Indeed now he is often both tart and witty. For instance, he has finally answered all jeers about the 14th Earl by turning the tables and mockingly talking about the "14th Mr. Wilson."

He is fighting for a great prize. If he wins, and his chances look better today than they did a few months ago, it will not just mean that he will remain Prime Minister. Up to now he has sometimes seemed to be in his present position on sufferance. He has been *primus inter pares*. A victory in the autumn would make him one of the most powerful Prime Ministers Britain has ever had. HUGH MASSINGHAM

A $500 Million Mistake

Regulating AT&T—the World's Biggest Business

by Asher Brynes

On the first of July American Telephone and Telegraph, the largest business on earth, announced new records in net income ($1.6 billion) earned over the year ending May 31. In issuing this cheerful news the head officer of the company took time out to mention a small cloud across the rainbow. Three weeks before, on June 11, the California Public Utilities Commission had ordered a sharp reduction in the *future* profits of the company's subsidiary in that state. What is more, it ordered the same reduction to be made in its *past* profits over the two years preceding and this was to be refunded forthwith in a lump.

The *future* reduction of profits amounted to a cut of about 14 percent in the current dividend on the company's stock. The commission's order for the refunding of the claimed excess of profits for the two preceding years would weaken dividend coverage considerably more. The day after the California announcement, AT&T's stock, which is held by the largest shareholder family on earth, took a dive to the lowest point in the year. Subsequently an uneasy recovery set in, buoyed up by the record earnings of the rest of the Bell System companies and the California Commission's conditional offer to suspend its order pending an appeal by the company to the state's Supreme Court. The condition is the impounding of the money to be refunded, plus six percent interest, until the Court rules.

This is not merely a quarrel over money. It would

ASHER BRYNES *began this study after having written a series of notes two years ago on the Telstar controversy for* The New Republic. *In that controversy, the question of control over the telecommunications industry itself, particularly over AT&T, was a matter of sharp debate. This is the first of two articles.*

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be simpler if it were. The point in dispute is whether the AT&T, a licensed monopoly operating in 50 jurisdictions in the United States, should be regulated as an enterprise selling a service, or as a concessionaire providing all there is to be had of it for cost plus a fixed fee.

There is no doubt that in providing its essential service – the connection of the uncomplicated telephones and telephone circuits you and I use most of the time – the company is a monopoly pure and simple. It does not have to sell anything. It can sit and take its toll from the wired-word traffic generated by all of us in our daily living. But it has developed enterprising characteristics in recent years; it purveys special services for which many customers are willing to pay extra, and so there is a fringe of its activities that is subject to the risks of the market. And since the company is not wholly free from risk, it says that it needs a cushion of extra profit to reimburse its stockholders for the shrinkage of income that may occur in bad times.

How much risk? How much profit? The average of recent ups and downs in its earnings should determine how much of a cushion of extra money it needs to soften the shocks it may suffer. Every investor calculates this for himself, presumably, when he buys AT&T's stock, and when new issues are sold out briskly, as occurred recently, it is obvious that the investing public is satisfied. But AT&T's idea of a properly risk-adjusted rate of profit is eight percent on its investment, which is more than it is allowed to earn – except in Texas (where hundreds of local authorities regulate telephone rates) and in Ohio.

The Need for Capital

A peculiarity of AT&T which is little understood by outsiders is the degree to which it is involved both with electronics, one of the most rapidly-growing technologies today, and with the over-all growth of our economy itself. The cost of handling telephone calls shrinks as a result of the interaction of these two factors, and if rates are not cut back from time to time profits rise rapidly. The chief witness for the company at a 1962 hearing before the full Board of Commissioners of the Federal Communications Commission, after insisting that it needed more profit, did not ask the commissioners to allow AT&T to *charge* more. On the contrary, he and the other company witnesses implored them in the most explicit terms to do nothing. "Notwithstanding our present inadequate earnings levels, we are not seeking higher rates at this time. But we earnestly urge you, gentlemen, that you give us the opportunity to attain [more profits] through our own management effort." The FCC acted with restraint on this occasion, and AT&T earned almost eight percent (7.9 to be exact) the following year.

The indisputable fact about such licensed monopolies is that they do need considerable capital, far more than most other businesses. AT&T's current investment in telephone plant is over $30 billion. "In the determination of rate levels, capital-attracting adequacy is properly considered a basic test of a fair return," says James C. Bonbright (*Principles of Public Utility Rates*, Columbia University Press, 1961). This view is generally accepted among regulatory commissions, state and federal: licensed monopolies should be allowed to charge enough for the services they supply to generate sufficient earnings to attract investors. Their capital requirements are so large that they not only have to keep old stockholders, they have to attract new ones as they grow.

There are other considerations to be kept in mind, but they are commonsensical; they call for fair and reasonable objectives in the management of businesses vested with a public interest. Indeed, *fair* and *reasonable* are the key terms of art in the literature of regulation. Public utilities experts use them to indicate the limits of arithmetic in the analysis of this business. However, such language implies the presence of a public watching over the rate proceedings as spectators do in a conventional trial in a courtroom, anxious to see justice done. But in reality rate hearings are not like that at all. The commissioners themselves sit for the public, which is usually absent.

What the experts mean by *fair* is a regard for the interests of all the groups affected, the weak and the strong alike, the utilities as well as the public as represented by the regulatory commission itself. For the latter in theory, if not always in practice, is in fact in the more powerful position. The commission's decisions cannot be appealed without carrying the dispute into the courts of law. There, the record shows, the utility companies virtually have to plead confiscation to get relief. Utility lawyers and engineers and accountants testifying before the commission feel obliged repeatedly to ask for fairness.

On the other hand reference to the standard of *reasonableness* is favored by experts who argue for the public at these proceedings. It implies the need for plausible grounds for any rates the utilities are allowed to charge, and for the profits they are allowed to keep. In this view a public utility is created primarily for public purposes and has the status of a trustee; it carries out a function of the state. That's why it is privileged to be a monopoly. The interests of stockholders are to be considered only so far as the public interest requires. That is the price stockholders pay for shelter from the hazards of the marketplace conferred on them by the state. And the regulatory commissions must see that they pay it. They are free to go

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elsewhere if they are dissatisfied. They can sell their AT&T stock and buy into a successfully uninhibited enterprise like General Motors. In fact, there have been no cases of the larger telephone companies actually driven to the wall by overregulation, though they were in trouble in the postwar inflation that ended in the late forties. Today, in good times, there is reason to think they are underregulated.

Importance of Bookkeeping

There is one sharp distinction between the telephone industry and all other kinds of licensed monopolies. Eighty-five percent of it is operated by the AT&T with headquarters in New York, although it is regulated by separate commissions in each of the 50 states and federal jurisdictions. The overseeing of the largest single part of its business, the interstate and overseas portion of it (25 percent of the whole), is in the hands of the Federal Communications Commission in Washington. And the accounting methods upon which regulation is based, not only in Washington but throughout the country, originate in continuous conferences between company headquarters in New York and the FCC office.

All the operating subsidiaries of AT&T use an identical accounting procedure, the so-called Uniform System of Accounts which is issued by the federal agency. Clarification of these complex procedures, in an industry subject to such continuous technological developments, is covered by "standard practice" instructions furnished by the head office of the AT&T to all its operating companies after conferences with FCC's accounting compliance staff. Afterwards, on a three-year rotation basis, the FCC staff discusses them with the various regulatory commissions of the separate states.

Three things embedded in this ponderous bookkeeping system are of interest to telephone users:

1. *The distinction between costs that are chargeable to operating expenses* and are to be paid by a direct levy on subscribers, and the costs that should be charged to the shareholders, *i.e.* withdrawn from the profit account. The FCC, for instance, permits the AT&T to charge all the cost of its research subsidiary, the Bell Telephone Laboratories, to operating expenses. Critics may object that this mighty combine originated as a patent pool in the bad old days of the trusts, and such usage enables it to preserve its technical dominance at the expense of its customers. But few can deny that whatever the effect of the Bell Laboratories' labors on AT&T's position of leadership in the industry, it is an excellently managed research facility.

2. *The determination of depreciation rates for the various types of equipment* used to furnish and maintain telephone service. At the end of last year the value of AT&T's affiliates' investment in telephone plant, *etc.* was over $30 billion, and this year it is spending $3.35 billion on replacement of old plant and for new facilities. Where does all that money come from? Most of it comes from a so-called depreciation reserve, a complex of accounts in which each item of plant is charged, in every year of its useful life, with the fraction of the total amount that will have to be spent ultimately to replace it. How long are the useful lives of all this gadgetry? There is so much technical obsolescence in the industry that sometimes engineers do not know exactly; accountants know even less. And in order to produce what the depreciation accounts don't provide for, the company must raise new money, even sell a new issue of securities, to secure the additional capital.

3. *The computation of the rate base, or the total of other than operating expenses,* on which the rate of return will be fixed for the AT&T by its regulators. In the federal jurisdiction these are the FCC Commissioners appointed by the President, a mixture of Democrats and Republicans, to make up a bipartisan group. At the present time, the commissioners feel the AT&T's rate of profit or return on its interstate business should be about 7.25 percent, and have so given notice in their formal report (1963) to Congress. However, the FCC persists in shooting at this target in an indirect way. In recent years, for instance, the commission has ordered the schedule of night fees for coast-to-coast calls to be drastically reduced. And it has repeatedly initiated changes in the "separations" procedures by which the AT&T is ordered to distinguish between the portion of its expenses which is devoted to interstate business, and that devoted to intrastate services, regulated by local commissions. Whenever more of these expenses are shifted from the intrastate account to the interstate, the state commissions can order the reduction of local telephone fees accordingly. At the same time of course, the rate of profit on the federally-regulated service should go down.

These actions have always been announced by the FCC itself as samples of its regulatory initiative. Yet AT&T's profits on interstate business seem to be unaffected by them. The largest reduction of interstate rates in the 30-year history of the FCC was ordered in 1959. In 1960 the interstate operations of AT&T showed profits of 7.81 percent. In 1960 they were reduced again. The interstate profits for the next year, 1961, turned out to be 7.75 percent. In 1962 the FCC resorted to a change in the "separations" procedure calculated to reduce various costs formerly chargeable to the states in the amount of $107 million. This action was "estimated," so the FCC said in its report to Congress in 1963, "to have the effect of reducing the annual rate of [AT&T's] interstate earnings by approximately one-half of one percent" in the following year, that is, down to the

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level, so often aimed at by the FCC, and always missed – 7.25 percent. On January 29, 1963, the FCC again said that this rate was reasonable for the interstate private-line telephone and telegraph rates of AT&T. Nevertheless, the profit rate in 1962 remained 7.74 percent. And in 1963, it was 7.9 percent.

What's half a percentage point of the net profit on this fraction of AT&T's business? – $50 million.

The uncertain aim of the FCC has similar effects of slippage on the other 49 state regulatory commissions. Since the states have the oversight of the major portion of AT&T's business in the United States – indeed three times as much of it in dollar volume – the effect on users of local telephone service is that much greater. The company keeps *all* its books in accordance with the Uniform System of Accounts prescribed by the FCC under a law (the Federal Public Utility Code) applicable only to the FCC itself. From time to time a state commission may formally dispute the rulings that are frozen into this federally-licensed accounting system. But it is rare.

California Order

This is one of the notable things that occurred in California on June 11 of this year. Californians have a traditional dislike of monopolies, whether regulated or unregulated. Memories persist of the days when *The Octopus* (the Southern Pacific Railroad in the Gilded Age) dominated the state. This memory is kept alive by the need for irrigation water and cheap electric power in the agricultural districts.

The California Utility Commission took two years (from July, 1962, to June, 1964) to consider the matter of AT&T's local telephone service rates. There were 52 days of hearings in which the company's records were subjected to joint discussion and review. Then the staff of the commission labored on the analysis of the account books and the testimony. At an early point, the commission had to consider a matter of law which turned out to be decisive. The company kept insisting that as a result of the federal requirement that its books be kept in a prescribed form, the so-called Uniform System of Accounts, the authorities in Washington had "preempted the field" in the determination of depreciation rates on all telephone equipment whether used in local *or* long-distance service.

Curiously, at the time of these hearings in California the company was arguing for the allowance of still higher depreciation rates in Washington. Testifying before the FCC, R. R. Hough, vice president and chief engineer of the entire System, admitted that the current rate was adequate to take care of the expense of replacing present telephone equipment if utilized for its full physical life. (Currently the company charges its customers $1.3 billion yearly for the cost of replacing worn-out plant and equipment.) But the company's engineers have forward-looking ideas. Where is the money for *improved* types of equipment to come from? As another vice president of the company explained on this occasion, "If it does not come out of depreciation, it will have to come out of earnings." AT&T prefers to serve its customers by using the latest equipment, which they are to pay for by accelerated depreciation charges.

The California Commission was concerned with the fact that the company, under the Federal Uniform System of Accounts procedure, assigns 88 percent of its total depreciation expenses to intrastate operations although only 75 percent of AT&T's earnings were derived from customers making local calls. So the California Commission said, "We specifically reject respondent's [AT&T's] contention that the Federal Communications Act of 1934 has prescribed depreciation rates for intrastate rate-making in California, or that Congress has the power to do so. . . . That determination lies with this Commission." Thereupon it proceeded to revise these schedules and adjust other accounts and in conclusion found that although the company was on notice to hold its profits to a level of 6.75 percent over the past seven years, it had earned in the "test year" (the 12 months ending September 30, 1962) 7.23 percent. The new analysis showed, to the satisfaction of four out of five of the commissioners, that a return of 6.3 percent on the company's expense of doing business in California would be fair and reasonable.

Such is the magnitude of AT&T's operations that this apparently insignificant fraction worked out to a savings of $41 million a year to customers for local service in that state.

To this the Californians added another action that is unique. On the grounds that the company overcharged local customers throughout the two years in which this matter was under litigation it not only ordered California telephone rates to be reduced in the future; it directed the AT&T to refund *past* overcharges in the amount of over $81 million. This order was duly entered although the company was not on notice that its rates might be reduced retroactively, that is, from the date the investigation began. Actually, it made a formal complaint that its earnings were too low and asked for annual rate increases of $44 million in the second year of the hearings.

On a nationwide scale the total earnings ($1.6 billion) of AT&T, which owns most of the stock in most of its subsidiaries, are between $.4 and $.5 billion more than the rate of return on its investment recommended by the FCC's public utility consultants, by FCC's staff, by the General Services Administration, and by commissions such as the one in California.

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Grandmaster Nabokov

by John Updike

One hesitates to call him an "American writer"; the phrase fetches to mind Norman Mailer and James Jones and other homegrown cabbages loyally mistaken for roses. Say, rather, that Vladimir Nabokov distinctly seems to be the best writer of English prose at present holding American citizenship, the only writer, with the possible exception of the long-silent Thornton Wilder,

The Defense
by Vladimir Nabokov
translated by Michael Scammell
in collaboration with the author
(Putnam; $5.00)

whose books, considered as a whole, give the happy impression of an *oeuvre*, of a continuous task carried forward variously, of a solid personality, of a plenitude of gifts exploited knowingly. His works are an edifice whose every corner rewards inspection. Each book, including the super-slim *Poems* and the uproariously pedantic and copious commentaries to his translation of *Eugene Onegin*, yields delight and presents to the aesthetic sense the peculiar hardness of a finished, fully meant thing. His sentences are beautiful out of context and doubly beautiful in it. He writes prose the only way it should be written – that is, ecstatically. In the intensity of its intelligence and reflective joy, his fiction is unique in this decade and scarcely precedented in American literature. Melville and James do not, oddly, offer themselves for comparison. Yet our literature, that scraggly association of hermits, cranks, and exiles, is strange enough to include this arrogant immigrant; as an expatriate Nabokov is squarely in the native tradition.

Very curiously, his *oeuvre* is growing at both ends. At one end, the end pointed toward the future, are the works composed in English, beginning with the gentlest of his novels, *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, and terminating, for the time being, in his – the word must be – monumental translation of *Onegin*, a physically gorgeous, sumptuously erudite gift from one language to another; it is pleasant to think of Nabokov laboring in the libraries of his adopted land, the libraries fondly described in *Pnin*, laboring with Janus-faced patriotism on the filigreed guy-wires and piled buttresses of this bridge whereby the genius of Pushkin is to cross after him into America. The translation itself, so laconic compared to the footnotes, with its breathtaking gaps, pages long, of omitted stanzas whose lines are eerily numbered as if they were there, ranks with Horace Gregory's Catullus and Richmond Lattimore's *Iliad* as superb, quirky, and definitive: a permanent contribution to the demi-art of "Englishing" and a final refutation, let's hope, of the fallacy of equivalent rhyme. In retrospect, Nabokov's more recent novels – obviously *Pale Fire* but there are also Humbert Humbert's mysterious "scholarly exertions" on a "manual of French literature for English-speaking students" – transparently reveal glimpses of the Pushkinian travail begun in 1950.

At the other end (an end, as in earthworms, not immediately distinguishable), Nabokov's *oeuvre* is growing backwards, into the past, as English versions appear of those novels he wrote in Russian, for a post-Revolutionary émigré audience concentrated in Paris and Berlin, during his twenty years of European residence (1919-1940), under the pen name of "V. Sirin." *The Defense*, originally *Zashchita Luzhina*, is the latest of these to be translated. In the chronology of his eight Russian novels, *The Luzhin Defense* (this literal title was used by *The New Yorker* and seems better, in clearly suggesting a chess ploy, though the ghosts of "illusion" and "losin' " flutter around the proper name perhaps were worth exorcising) comes third, after two untranslated ones and just before *Laughter in the Dark*. It is thus the earliest Nabokov work now available in English. An author's foreword states that it was written in 1929 – that is, when Nabokov was thirty, which is the age of Luzhin, an ex-chess prodigy and international grandmaster. Like his hero, the author seems older; few Americans so young could write a novel wherein the autobiographical elements are so cunningly rearranged and transmuted by a fictional design, and the emotional content so obedient to such cruelly ingenious commands, and the characterization so little colored by indignation or the shock of discovery. On this last point, it needs to be said – so much has been pointlessly said about Nabokov's "virtuosity," as if he is a verbal magician working with stuffed rabbits and hats nobody could wear – that Nabokov's characters live. They "read" as art students say; their frames are loaded with bright color and twisted to fit abstract schemes but remain anatomically credible. The humanity that has come within Nabokov's rather narrow field of vision has been illuminated by a guarded but genuine compassion. Two characters occur to me, randomly and vividly: Charlotte Haze of *Lolita*, with her blatant bourgeois Bohemianism, her cigarettes, her Mexican doodads, her touchingly clumsy sexuality, her utterly savage and believable war with her daughter; and Albinus Kretschmar of *Laughter in the Dark*, with his doll-like dignity, his bestial softness, his hobbies, his family feelings, his craven romanticism, his quaint competence. An American housewife and a German businessman, both observed, certainly, from well on the outside, yet animated from well within. How much more, then, can Nabokov do with characters who are Russian, and whose concerns circle close to his own aloof passions!

His foreword, shameless and disdainful in his usual first-person style, spec-

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ifies, for "hack reviewers" and "persons who move their lips when reading," the forked appeal of "this attractive novel" – the intricate immanence in plot and imagery of chess as a prevailing metaphor, and the weird lovableness of the virtually inert hero. "Of all my Russian books, *The Defense* contains and diffuses the greatest 'warmth' – which may seem odd seeing how supremely abstract chess is supposed to be. In point of fact, Luzhin has been found lovable even by those who understand nothing about chess and/or detest all my other books. He is uncouth, unwashed, uncomely – but as my gentle young lady (a dear girl in her own right) so quickly notices, there is something in him that transcends . . . the coarseness of his gray flesh and the sterility of his recondite genius."

What makes characters endearing does not admit of such analysis: I would divide Luzhin's charm into (a) the delineation of his childhood (b) the evocation of his chess prowess. As to (a), Nabokov has always warmed to the subject of children, precocious children – David Krug, Victor Wind, the all-seeing "I" of *Conclusive Evidence*, and, most precocious and achingly childlike of all, Dolores Haze. The four chapters devoted to little Luzhin are pure gold, a fascinating extraction of the thread of genius from the tangle of a lonely boy's existence. The child's ominous lethargy: his father's brooding ambitiousness for him; the hints of talent in his heredity; the first gropings, through mathematical and jigsaw puzzles, of his peculiar aptitude toward the light; the bizarre introduction, at the hands of a nameless violinist who tinges the game forever with a somehow cursed musicality, to the bare pieces; his instruction in the rules, ironically counterpointed against an amorous intrigue of which he is oblivious; his rapid climb through a hierarchy of adult opponents – all this is witty, tender, delicate, resonant. By abruptly switching to Luzhin as a chess-sodden adult, Nabokov islands the childhood, frames its naïve brightness so that, superimposed upon the grown figure, it operates as a kind of heart, as an abruptly doused light reddens the subsequent darkness.

As to (b), Nabokov has never shied from characters who excel. In *Pale Fire* he presumed to give us a long poem by an American poet second only to Frost; Adam Krug in *Bend Sinister* is the leading intellectual of his nation; no doubt is left that Fyodor Godunov-Cherdyntsev of *The Gift* is truly gifted. Luzhin's "recondite genius" is delineated as if by one who knows – though we know, from Chapter XIV of his autobiography, that Nabokov's *forte* was not tournament play but the "beautiful, complex and sterile art" of composing chess problems of a "poetico-mathematical type." On its level as a work-epic of chess (as *Moby Dick* is a work-epic of whaling) *The Defense* is splendidly shaped toward Luzhin's match with Turati, the dashing Italian grandmaster against whose unorthodox attack, "leaving the middle of the board unoccupied by Pawns but exercising a most dangerous influence on the center from the sides," Luzhin's defense is devised. Of Turati physically we are given the briefest glimpses, "rubbing his hands and deeply clearing his throat like a bass singer," but his chess presence is surpassingly vivid, and during the tournament in which Luzhin thinks himself into a nervous breakdown suspense mounts as to whether "the limpidity and lightness of Luzhin's thought would prevail over the Italian's tumultuous fantasy." Their game, a potential draw which is never completed, draws forth a display of metaphorical brilliance that turns pure thought heroic. Beneath the singing, quivering, trumpeting, humming battlefield of the chessboard, Turati and Luzhin become fabulous monsters groping through unthinkable tunnels:

> "Luzhin's thought roamed through entrancing and terrible labyrinths, meeting there now and then the anxious thought of Turati, who sought the same thing as he. . . . Luzhin, preparing an attack for which it was first necessary to explore a maze of variations, where his every step aroused a perilous echo, began a long meditation. . . . Suddenly, something occurred outside his being, a scorching pain – and he let out a loud cry, shaking his hand stung by the flame of a match, which he had lit and forgotten to apply to his cigarette. The pain immediately passed, but in the fiery gap he had seen something unbearably awesome, the full horror of the abysmal depths of chess."

The game is adjourned, and after such an evocation we have no difficulty in feeling with Luzhin how the chess-images that have haunted the fringes of his existence now move into the center and render the real world phantasmal. The metaphors have reversed the terms.

Chess imagery has infiltrated the book from all sides. Nabokov in his foreword preens perhaps unduly on the tiled and parqueted floors, the Knight-like leaps of the plot. His hero's monomania plays tricks with the objective world: "The urns that stood on stone pedestals at the four corners of the terrace threatened one another across their diagonals." "He sat thinking . . . that with a Knight's move of this lime tree standing on a sunlit slope one could take that telegraph pole over there . . ." ". . . Luzhin involuntarily put out a hand to remove shadow's King from the threat of light's Pawn." He warily watches the floor, "where a slight movement was taking place perceptible to him alone, an evil differentiation of shadows." Throughout the book, glimpses of black and white abound – tuxedos, raspberries

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and milk, "the white boat on the lake, black with the reflected conifers." Many lamps are lit against the night; Luzhin's father thinks it "strange and awesome . . . to sit on this bright veranda amid the black summer night, across from this boy whose tensed forehead seemed to expand and swell as soon as he bent over the pieces," this boy for whom "the whole world suddenly went dark" when he learned chess and who is to glide, across the alternation of many nights and days, from the oblivion of breakdown into the whiteness of a hospital where the psychiatrist wears "a black Assyrian beard."

The squares on the board can also be construed as chess *vs.* sex. The child maneuvers his own initiation on the blind board of an illicit affair. His father, while he is poring over chess diagrams in the attic, fears that "his son might have been looking for pictures of naked women." Valentinov (!), his sinister "chess father," part manager and part pimp, "fearing lest Luzhin should squander his precious power in releasing by natural means the beneficial inner tension . . . kept him at a distance from women and rejoiced over his chaste moroseness." His marriage, then, is a kind of defensive castling undertaken too late, for the black forces that have put him in check press on irresistably, past his impotent Queen, toward certain mate. The Luzhin defense becomes abandonment of play – suicide. Such a design eminently satisfies Nabokov's exacting criteria of artistic performance, which, in a memorable section in *Conclusive Evidence* concerning butterflies, he relates to the "mysteries of mimicry": "I discovered in nature the non-utilitarian delights that I sought in art. Both were a form of magic, both were a game of intricate enchantment and deception."

However, I am not sure it perfectly works, this chess puzzle pieced out with human characters. In the last third of the book, the author's youth may begin to show; émigré parties, arranged by Mrs. Luzhin, are introduced for no apparent better reason than that Nabokov was going to such parties at this time. A "mercilessly stupid" Leningrad visitor pops up irrelevantly, as a naked index of editorial distaste for the Soviet regime. It is as if pawns were proliferating to plug a leaky problem. The reintroduction of Valentinov, though well-prepared, does not function smoothly; if the plot were scored like a game, this move would receive a (?). One becomes conscious of rather aimless intricacies: the chronic mention of a one-armed schoolmate (Nabokov's teasing of cripples, not the most sympathetic of his fads, deserves a monograph to itself), and the somewhat mannered withholding of the hero's first name and patronymic until the last sentences, which then link up with the first. In short, the novel loses inevitability as it needs it most. Suicide, being one experience no writer or reader has undergone, requires extra credentials to pass into belief. I can believe in the suicides of Anna Karenina and Emma Bovary as terrible but just – in the sense of fitting – events within the worlds the authors have evolved. I am even more willing to believe in Kirillov's suicide in *The Possessed* as the outcome of a philosophic-psychotic mental state explored with frightening empathy. But I am unable to feel Luzhin's descent into an eternity of "dark and pale

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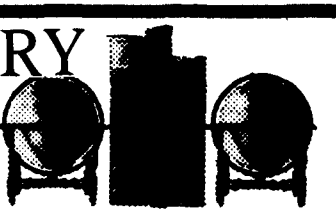

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squares" as anything but the foreordained outcome of a scheme that, however pretty, is less weighty than the human fictions it has conjured up.

Early in *The Defense* Nabokov describes an obtuse chess spectator who, exasperated by what seems to him a premature concession, itches to pick up the pieces and play the game out. So too, I cannot see why, now that Luzhin is equipped with a willing if not enthusiastic female caretaker and furthermore a wealthy father-in-law, the grandmaster is hopelessly blocked from pursuing, this side of madness, his vocation. He is lovable, this child within a monster, this "chess moron," and we *want* him to go on, to finish his classic game with Turati, and, win or lose, to play other games, to warm and dazzle the exquisite twilit world of his preoccupation with the "limpidity and lightness" of his thought. He seems blocked by something outside the novel, perhaps by the lepidopterist's habit of killing what it loves; how remarkably few, after all, of Nabokov's characters do evade the mounting pin. But in asking (irrationally, he has been dead for over thirty years) that Luzhin survive and be fruitful, we are asking no more than his creator, no pet of fate, has asked of himself and has, to his great honor, done.

Three Sermons and a Giggle

by Gerald W. Johnson

Three sermons and a giggle would seem to a simple mind reasonably adequate preparation for the American citizen who aspires to do his duty "soberly and in the fear of God" on the third day of November. But it is not true. Even though the sermonizers, all different, are able and earnest, and even though the wag's japes are in the main well chosen, this massive effort at observation and analysis of the chief magistracy is unlikely to induce serenity and cool confidence in the electorate.

The President as World Leader
by Sidney Warren
(Lippincott; $6.95)
The Presidents on the Presidency
by Arthur Bernon Tourtellot
(Doubleday; $5.95)
A History of Presidential Elections
by Eugene H. Rosenboom
(Macmillan; $10)
The Fine Art of Political Wit
by Leon A. Harris
(Dutton; $4.95)

The most elaborate study of the quartet is Warren on world leadership, and he, more than the others, contributes to the impression that our task on election day is nothing more than to perform a simple little miracle. Tourtellot's opus is in form an anthology of comments by Presidents on the Presidency, but it is made more than merely a reference work – although it is a highly valuable one at that – by a brief, but sharp and penetrating analysis of the office by a historian who is also a master stylist. The quotations are most notable for their revelation of the tenacity, amounting sometimes to ferocity, with which every President has defended the powers and dignity of the office. Rosenboom's history of Presidential elections is a revision and extension down to the administration of Lyndon Johnson of a work long regarded as standard. Let Harris be momentarily reserved.

Dr. Warren's work is, to begin with, scholarly without being pedantic. It is admirably documented, for the author has the ability, none too common, to quote to the point – and to stop quoting when he has made his point. Furthermore, he is fair-minded without being vacant-minded; he has opinions, and he states them unequivocally, but he is keenly aware that it is a biographical crime to read the events of yesterday in the context of today. He has no hesitation in branding a given act as wrong, but he does hesitate to brand the actor as maleficent; he always finds reasons, if not excuses, for what the man did, which will displease people who see the world in black and white, but be appreciated by those who perceive shading.

It is his conviction that the President's

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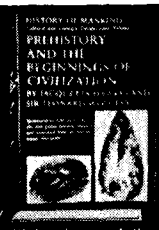

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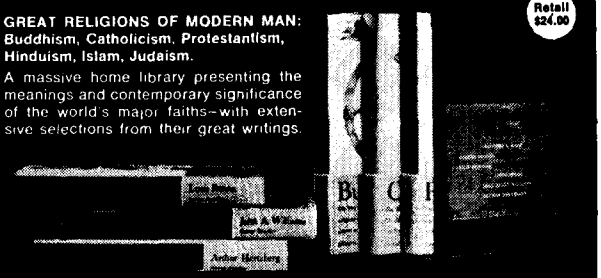

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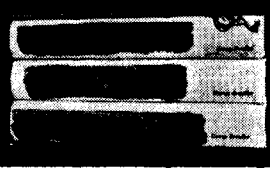

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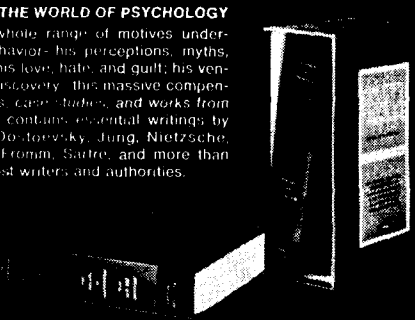

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role as a world leader began with Theodore Roosevelt, to which not many will demur, and his analysis of the way in which each of the Rough Rider's successors played that role is distinguished more for the lucidity of its presentation than for its deviation from the views accepted by most historians. Only at the end does he momentarily forget the evenness of the emotional balance – he gives no hint that John F. Kennedy, as he was the most loved, was also the most hated President since the second Roosevelt, perhaps since Lincoln. But that trivial objection is overwhelmed by the important merits of the book.

What is not overwhelmed is that he describes the position of the American President today as so inordinately difficult that no human being can hope to hold it successfully. Kennedy denied that flatly. He asserted that as the difficulties are created by human beings, some human being can solve them.

The book fails again in its discussion of the genesis of executive power. Half a dozen times Warren indicates that he understands the matter, but he doesn't present it vividly to the reader, possibly because it impugns the wisdom of the Founding Fathers. Yet there is reason to believe that the Constitution tossed the conduct of foreign relations to the Presidency merely to give the President some trifle to occupy his time other than by presiding over ceremonies, much as they designated the Vice President to preside over the Senate.

Their preoccupation with parliamentary government blinded the men of 1787 to the realities of their own situation. Following Montesquieu they thought that the powers of government were three only, overlooking the enormous power of the initiative which, with a legislative branch that is federal not national, has reversed the original roles. Today it is largely true that it is the President who legislates and Congress that exercises the veto. Every great project now goes up the hill from the White House, instead of coming down from the Capitol.

This lack of clarification is no triviality, for the greater part of the difficulties that hamper and harass the President are due, not to hard-fisted, hard-hitting opposition, but to opaque mentality and sticky sentimentality. The President can fight Goliath of Gath with some hope of success, but what shepherd's sling, what Excalibur, is effective against molasses?

The detergent of lucid presentation of the facts of life is the standard resource, but acidulous wit has some effect. Under the spreading chestnut tree that Mr. Harris lovingly attends, most readers can pick up a basketful of wisecracks unknown or forgotten. He goes back to Sheridan, more venomous than witty, and comes down to John F. Kennedy, wittier than we had realized.

But of course no anthology pleases anybody altogether, and this one has two downright shocking omissions, one of seventy years ago, one of yesterday. Vance, a Senator from North Carolina, ended a dreary hassle over the efforts of friends of a previously defeated bill to attach it as a rider to another measure. The Senator's speech, in its entirety, read: "Mr. President: The Conger Lard Bill is dead. 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more'." Then Adlai Stevenson, informed that the Rev. Dr. Peale, injecting the religious issue into the campaign of 1960, was only imitating St. Paul, remarked, "Paul is appealing, but I find Peale appalling."

To omit that pair from any collection of political wit I deem unconstitutional.

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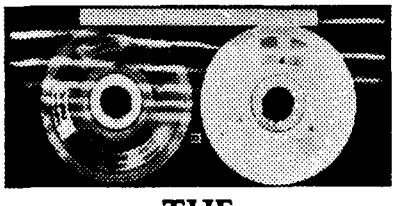

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What is Theater?

by Clancy Sigal

I want to say at the outset that I am enthusiastic about Eric Bentley's new book, regretting only that it was not written earlier when I was reviewing plays. If the publishers want something to add to what can only be the mountains of encomiums which must (I trust) be coming the author's way, let me say: the best general book on theater I have read bar none.

The Life of the Drama
by Eric Bentley
(Atheneum; $5.95)

At the considerable risk of ruining my compliment I want to see if I can skeletalize the argument. Art, and hence drama, says Mr. Bentley, exists because men desire to live twice (the Aristotelian *mimesis*). Impulse to sheer imitation, in which animal, infantile and primitive longings intertwine, lies at the heart of all theater. The preeminent spectator passion, fired by suspense, is astonishment, an astonishment of flesh and brain combined. ("Great narrative" – the author's *sine qua non* – "is not the opposite of cheap narrative: it is soap opera *plus*.")

The ritual of re-enactment goes back to the earliest dawn of primordial ceremony (and later I will have an objection to raise concerning Mr. Bentley's treatment of this subject), and as an "art of the extreme, seeks out the ultimate act that corresponds to ultimate fact." Plot, and perception, are riveted to need, the need of men to re-enact the situations (of murder: tragedy; of

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theft: comedy) harbored in their hearts. "Tragedy itself has limits: indeed it excludes most of the experience of most men. . . . People who express surprise at the piles of corpses on the tragic stage are asking tragedy to reflect their actions, and they have not committed murder; but tragedy reflects their souls, and in their souls they *have* committed murder. . . ." Hence the (unfashionable) need for Types. Theater is, when all is said and done, the style and eloquence with which these Types are animated. (". . . The playwright . . . is thoroughly unoriginal. . . .")

But, the author insists, "*Great drama has been a drama of ideas from the very first,*" when the mass broke up, into the watchers and the watched. The drama of ideas (and there is no other kind) is, above all, "an art of shock." Art cannot be serious unless it treats with violence. Thus, if theater is grounded in our animal origins, it is also an "infantile system." In fact, says Bentley, no adult theater is possible. The theater of grown-ups is much like the "little system" that children work out, infused with a narcissistic pleasure (in words of Richard Sterba quoted by Bentley) "through regression to the early childhood stage of magic world creation." Bentley implies that it is only by becoming again "as a little child" that we can participate in truly mature theater.

Since exaggeration, extremism, is of the very essence of childish response, so too must they function as the engine of an empathic theater. Bentley staunchly defends melodrama at its weakest points, luridness and self-pity, which he sees as valuable and necessary weapons in the struggle for existence. ("Something has been gained when a person who has seen the world in monochrome and in miniature suddenly glimpses the lurid and gigantic. His imagination has been reawakened.") Every form of drama, then, has its rendezvous with madness.

"*Melodrama* (and the emphasis is the author's) *is the Naturalism of the dream life,*" and is a more authentic form of theater than the sophisticated "well made" and highly personified play. If melodrama is the quintessence of drama, it follows that farce is the quintessence of theater.

Every form of drama, argues Bentley, if it is to achieve any caliber, will possess as an essential characteristic the inability or unwillingness of the playwright to make up his mind. His occupational hazard, and genius, is to play (even when not seen to be playing) both sides of the street (knave-fool, hero-villain). Both, not neither. The true worth, tension and majesty of a play is to be specified in the unsuccessful struggle of the maker to locate himself on one side or the other (knave-fool, hero-villain). The struggle will frequently, if not always, be marked by vulgarity, indecency and horror. We, as watchers, will suffer with, and enjoy our suffering of, this spectacle of ambivalence.

"In the midst of death we are in life," comes as close as anything I can think of to what the author believes is the single, central governing principle of all good theater. Death-facing, he says, is life-affirming, and without this death-facing there can be neither tragedy nor comedy. ("The opposite of tragedy is not comedy but Christian Science.") Melodrama shifts to drama only when the writer's talent (courage) transfigures fear into awe, an awe which reflects, and is transmitted to us *via*, the playwright's involuntary but controlled shuddering at the silence of the universe. (*Das Schaudern ist der Menschheit bestes Theil.*) Awe may consist of many things: but in the end, if it is to serve consequential theater, it will terminate in forgiveness. Lorca's "dark root of the scream" must, in other words, flower in compassion, not because it is sought for, to "cap" the play, but because it flows naturally from the life of the drama.

It is in his discussion of someone like Beckett that Bentley is most eloquent on the artist as the transcendental element in even the darkest creation. "Though it may be imbued with despair . . . and may easily be *about* despair . . . a work of art is itself a sign that despair is not at the wheel but that a man is." In present circumstances ("An editorial in *Life* magazine may exhort us to write tragedies, but it may be hard for us to comply – because we live in the age of *Life* magazine"), the negative attains the force of the positive. *Was mich nicht umbringt, machit*

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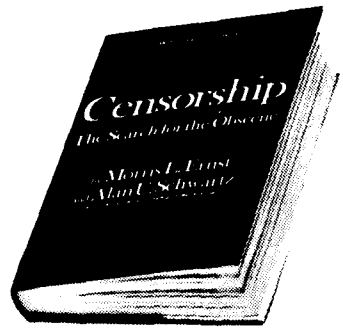

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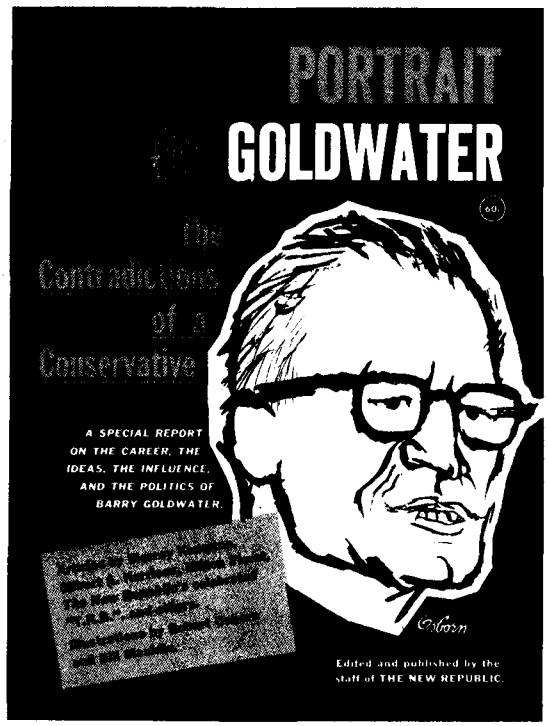
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mich starker, Nietzsche says: "what does not kill me makes me stronger." In every great work its creator goes down into Hell, and the fact of his coming back – even when he proclaims return improbable or impossible – is confessed by the existence of the work. "And *we*," Bentley says, "go to Beethoven's music for (ultimately) much the same kind of reason that *he* went to it for . . . that constant sensitivity, that endless readjustment, that ceaseless hunger." In a word, that *qualm*.

I see, of course, that I have done gross injustice to the texture and progression of Bentley's case. My own worst qualm is that I have not given myself space to describe adequately Bentley's avowal of *disciplined* imagination. Though he speaks as the tribune of principles of animalism, villainy and violence, at bottom he is concerned to defend the role of reason in theater. It is here, in uncomfortable proximity to the quick of his argument, that I take issue. Bentley verges on patronizing what he (wrongly, I believe) chooses to call the "orgy theory" (Gilbert Murray *et al.*) of drama. "And so the drama," he concludes, "at its birth, is an intellectual thing." This comes close to being a meaningless statement, one of the few in the book.

Bentley has, I believe, in the course of his advocacy seriously misconceived, or forgotten, the nature of the birth of drama. (It is obvious why he does so: to attempt to restore a balance knocked askew in recent years.) As I read them, the beginnings of theater, in early Greek ritual for example, were neither "intellectual" nor "emotional"; they comprised a rite, an enactment, an Action which incorporated and embodied a cathartic exaltation in which reason and emotion, spirit and matter, were bound up much too tightly (that was the point) for separation. The drama was an attempt to obliterate a separation which man felt.

This anxiety to protect the claims of reason has interesting consequences for his book. For it leads to the occasional equivocation, a certain academicism, a willingness to name the crime without being the criminal, a fault he is at pains to criticize in his playwrights. Drama, Bentley insists,

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always comes from life. But if the writer-about-drama's life derives too exclusively from the life of the drama, is there not a certain obvious danger? A tendency, for one thing, to imprison molten material in categories. As a Berensonian compromise with chaos this may be realistic, but it will inflict wounds on the author's natural eloquence. Bentley is aware of the danger but awareness in this instance does not purge the danger; it even leads to a slightly complacent air.

Yet, in the last analysis, Bentley's book is valuable for the same reason he values good plays: the valor and clarity of the writer's inability to resolve completely the almost irreconcilable.

I should like to see Bentley's book used as a text in American classrooms. He has the rare ability to be exciting without raising his voice, to synthesize without vulgarizing the traditional and the modern, to be charitable and witty with the least amount of apparent sweat. A generous and bracing advocacy possessing, in words of Goethe which Bentley quotes in another context, "the dignity of significance."

Government's Marriage to Science

by D. S. Greenberg

Until quite recently, science and technology were, by and large, private and spontaneous, as remote from active government concern and support as theater and art are today in this country. Governments were not, of course, altogether oblivious of science and its applications. Congress, for example, voted Samuel Morse $30,000 to help develop the telegraph, and the US Army quickly became interested in the work of two ingenious technologists known as the Wright Brothers. But Ben Franklin flew his kite without the aid of a government grant or the coordination of a government-convened advisory panel; the Committee of Public Safety sent Lavoisier to the guillotine with the observation that "the Republic is in no need of chemists." And Einstein conceived the theory of relativity while employed as a clerk in the Swiss Patent Office. (Thirty-five years later, when the explosive potential of the atom appeared realizable, it was found necessary to invoke his prestigious name to interest an un-research minded government in atomic research. The military was skeptical, and an appeal to Franklin D. Roosevelt proved to be the path to government aid.)

Science and Politics
by Quinton M. Hogg
(Encyclopaedia Britannica Press; $2.95)

All is now different. The US government's annual investment in research and development has risen from $74 million in 1940 to around $15 billion this year. And, in all the major capitals of the world, scientists and non-scientists are grappling with a common problem: How does government manage this seemingly delicate and little-understood creature – science?; how can the scientists' traditional insistence upon freedom of inquiry be reconciled with government's traditional insistence upon setting its own goals?; how, in sum, do you buy creativity in public health, weaponry, communications, and scores of other areas in which science and technology have demonstrated their ability to change the world?

It was perhaps inevitable that these questions would be most sharply posed in Great Britain, which, with the continuing erosion of its preferred positions in world markets, has concluded that its economic survival depends upon excelling other nations in harnessing science and technology to national purposes. With this realization, it was also inevitable that for the first time anywhere, policies toward science and technology would become a partisan political issue. The Conservatives contend that they have done quite nicely in supporting and employing science and technology, but that they will do even better if the voters keep them in power. The Laborites, making capital of the "brain drain" of British scien-

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tists seeking better salaries and professional opportunities in the United States, contend that the Tories have done quite poorly by British science, and that Conservative designs for the future are uninspired and inadequate.

But when the partisan wrappings are removed, it is plain that the debate principally centers on who is going to spend more, and that the contenders in Britain and elsewhere are still dominated by what they regard as an inherent dilemma in the science-government relationship; namely, that while government must enlarge its reliance upon science, science insists that it works best when free of external direction. The difficulties involved in living with this dilemma are plentifully displayed in this volume by the Conservative's leading spokesman on science, Quinton M. Hogg, the former Lord Hailsham, Britain's first Minister for Science, who just a few months ago became Secretary of State for Education and Science when the post was established to supplant and enlarge his earlier role.

At one point, we find Hogg asserting "that – at least in its higher reaches – science is not intrinsically a matter that should, or indeed can for long, be pursued for the sake of wealth or the power that its pursuit may bring [to nations]." But he also concludes that the "fundamental achievement of the Soviet economy . . . is the extremely successful marriage between science on the one hand and engineering on the other...." He warns that "if Government sought to interfere with the scientist in the absolute freedom of his explorations, and the integrity of his speculation, it would ultimately destroy his real source of vigor, or alternatively frustrate his purpose by undermining his confidence and his will to cooperate." But he also says that, "The first thing to realize is that, from the point of view of planning, science cannot be isolated from politics or economics." And he goes on to express the belief that "except in the most abstract realms of science, there cannot be a scientific plan which differs from the economic plan or can even be isolated from it."

The dilemma is irreducible if it is accepted that science must be sustained by government but can work only if it is quite free of government. (The contention of some scientists that this is actually the case caused Surgeon General Luther L. Terry to tell a congressional committee earlier this year that "here are a lot of people . . . that would like for you to have a barrel of gold coins, give them a shovel, and let them . . . dip out what they need and not give an accounting for it at all.")

The evidence is that science manages to be quite productive in response to governmental orders and directions. What Hogg refers to as the "higher reaches" must unquestionably be left alone; Einstein's achievements could not have been dished up in response to the needs of government. But at the less-than-utmost levels, science and technology can produce upon demand. The Manhattan Project demonstrated that when enough money and skill are brought together, the most difficult of goals can be fulfilled, and some of our leading rocketry experts seem to find no difficulty in being productive under political masters of widely differing ideologies. Science is unquestionably a delicate bird and could not survive clumsy handling by non-scientific bosses, but the case for insulation from social processes is becoming difficult to sustain.

However, Hogg, a non-scientist science minister in the British governmental tradition of the generalist who can handle anything, appears to have absorbed, though not completely, the litany laid down by the leadership of the scientific community. Just as it was once argued that the state must sustain but not control the church and that all born on this earth must be indoctrinated in the ways of the church, it is now argued that the state must sustain, but not control science, and that, as Hogg puts it, "there is literally no individual who can afford not to be aware, at least in some degree, of the sort of thing that science is, and the sort of mental process which the scientist employs." This is nonsense. Many responsible and socially productive people manage to function quite well as citizens, parents, and workers without knowing whether the two neutrinos are elementary particles or an Italian dance team. The mystique of science's unique requirements in its relations with government is slowly fading. But there's still some kick left in it, as is evident in Hogg's dilemma in harnessing science to society.

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The Lonely Mr. Green

by Roger Sale

A novelist, dramatist, diarist, and general man of letters, Julian Green has known most Parisians with famous names, especially among the older generation–Gide, Malraux, Cocteau, Maritain, Martin duGard – and if he has had less attention than they, he has had books written about him and his works have been published in a beautiful edition. But in America, his work has not been well received, except among the devoutest francophiles. The ingredients in Green are familiar: a cultivated, almost morbid self-absorption, reticence bordering on a love of silence, a strongly held spirituality that is never free from the scent of repressed depravity. An American finds it easy to believe that the French praise Green simply because he is like them. Kurt Wolff's selections from Green's multivolume diary, translated by Green's sister Anne and just published here, will do little to break the impasse.

Diary 1928-1957
by Julian Green
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $6.50)

The diaries have had an obscure publishing history. The first two volumes were published in Paris before the war and rather cavalierly translated into English. Green seems all along to have been of two minds about the diaries. He wanted them to be frank and private, yet quite early he was showing them to friends and anticipating publication. Many were curious about them, especially about the suggestion of homosexuality that was both strong and unexplicit. When these volumes were included in the complete works, many previously cut passages were added, though for most it is hard to see why they were ever repressed. Now, in this new translation, at least some passages have been added that were not even in the complete works. Furthermore, either Green, his translator, or his editor has made many silent cuts, often within entries, where they are difficult to find and restore. Anyone interested in a full picture of the diaries, then, would have to collate all the published editions and discover who was responsible for the cuts and additions.

But these shenanigans almost certainly are not the result of a possumish impulse to mystify; they seem the unsought result of a struggle by Green to live in the world and yet to escape from it. Throughout his life he has been wrestling with religious problems, though, characteristically, the most important single event, his reconversion to Catholicism in 1939, is not even mentioned in the diaries until two years later. Over and over he refines the aged dualisms of the spiritual and the carnal, the soul and the body, usually in ways quite familiar to anyone who has read any French literature from the Symbolists on. Green maintains that he is constantly wicked and tempted, but his inability or refusal to say more only makes him seem teasing. He usually lapses into simple pietism.

> "On opening a window this morning, I breathed the odor of dead leaves brought by the wind. I can't express the happiness that these autumn days give me. It seems as though they brought me news of *elsewhere*, and then I begin thinking that nothing that can happen to us on this earth is of much importance, since the mere idea of what is waiting for us later is enough, even at present, to overwhelm us with joy."

Anyone so absorbed with this dualism tends to have little warmth and compassion; the characters in Green's novels and diaries are brittle. Those closest to him, Anne Green and Robert de St. Jean, are so close as to remain only shadowy presences; those a little farther away are so far away as to be only glimpses. His friendship with Gide occupies many pages of the diary, but at the end Green says their relationship was only "small fragments of a long conversation that never took place." Some of these fragments are delightful, such as the one describing the result of Mauriac's idea that Gide finally chose

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evil: "Great hilarity in Paris over a telegram received by Mauriac a few days after Gide's death which read: 'There is no hell. You can go on a spree. Inform Claudel. *André Gide*'."

But if Green's relations with Gide (and life) were fragments of a conversation that never took place, he was not enough out of the world to be spiritually secure. He had neither the direct piety of a Charles Péguy nor the really splendid isolated imagination of a Kafka. Gide says of Green's novels that "the pencil never leaves the page, that the line is unbroken to the end." But this line is only an evenness of tone, and the governing themes are transparent and the action is thus either extremely predictable or else capricious. Green's intentness is attractive enough to make one read interestedly for some time into a novel, but soon, as Green often said, the characters run away from him, either by falling back into neat slots, as in *Moïra* and *Then Shall the Dust Return* or else, as in *Each in His Own Darkness*, by lurching off into areas Green cannot control or make interesting.

Others have remarked on the affinities between Green and Hawthorne or Poe. In a slightly different way he resembles Moravia and a number of the French new novelists. It is as though in each the long education of the spiritual consciousness has led only to an exaltation of a melancholy, sensitive, lonely spirituality and/or to an equally melancholy, sensitive, and lonely absorption in sexuality as something apart from the rest of life, and, because apart, evil. The result is not simply a denial of humanity, but also a paralysis that leads to the wish and need to die.

The last word on this lonely man should come from himself. Here is his comment on a sermon of Donne's:

> "Death wreaks his vengeance on Donne's own self. This is the favor Donne asks of it. Donne the preacher kills, and kills over and over again, the young profligate he was at twenty, he slits his throat with ferocious joy, he tramples him, he delivers him to the worms, he damns him."

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ART

Art at the Fair

If you were for some reason expecting the City of the Sun to spring forth in Flushing and show us the way to happier days, then no doubt you have cause to fling yourself into a frenzy over the fact that the World's Fair, like most of its predecessors, is a wildly commercial proposition. And yet, art is fairly strongly represented and scheduled to increase its strength in the near future.

As you cannot but know, the Michelangelo Pietà is so far the most popular exhibit at the Fair. Its pavilion is also the most hopelessly vulgar, strident and jumbled, which is saying a lot. There is a certain fitness about this, since, although the loan of the statue was made by John and approved by Paul, the Vatican Pavilion was the idea of the old-time, pre-Johannine Church. Except for Los Angeles, there is no better example of Inquisitorial Catholicism in America than the archdiocese of Brooklyn, which includes the fair-grounds, and New York, which supplied the pizazz. Hence, everything works out for symbolic truth, even the Pietà itself, which easily bests the otherwise triumphant Spellmanism of the Pavilion. In spite of the blue lights and the powered, three-track treadmill, the statue survives as one of the marvels of the western world. Also, what seems, elsewhere in the building, to be a conglomeration of holy junk is worth examining closely, for within it are sensitive works by Doris Cesar and Norman La Liberte.

Spain, as well it might in simple gratitude, has sent over a small but stunning group of old masters, mostly portraits but what portraits: both of the Goya Majas and a dazzling pair of Zurbaran society ladies tricked out as

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

John Updike's *books include* The Poorhouse Fair *and* The Centaur. Clancy Sigal, *author of* Going Away, *was until recently a theater critic in London.* D. S. Greenberg *writes a column on science and government for* Science *magazine.* Roger Sale *is on the English faculty of the University of Washington.* Frank Getlein's *new book* The Trouble with Catholics *will be published by the Helicon Press next month.*

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saints, along with El Greco, Velazquez, Ribera and the frightful Murillo Immaculate Conception, the only slip in that section. A middle group has three Picassos, through some unexplained accommodation, a big Miro and a couple of Dalis and then there's a rather tame bunch of contemporary abstract painters, mostly muddy and muted.

The show of shows at the fair of fairs, however, is that assembled by the New York State Council on the Arts in the New York Pavilion. What the still rather young arts council will accomplish is an open question, but this single exhibition more than justifies its existence. Under the presidency of Seymour Knox and with the institutional support of the Albright-Knox Gallery at Buffalo, Katharine Kuh has brought together a thoughtful and rewarding series of pictures on the theme, "The River: Places and People." The show opens with the hard early Patroon portraits of Ver Plancks, De Wandelaers and a dazzling Van Rensselaer, with lightning shooting down the silk of his coat. One subject, Pierre Van Cortlandt, of the well-known park family, brilliantly bridges the transition from the Knickerbockers to the New Yorkers. At ten, *ca.* 1731, the boy was painted by an anonymous portraitist complete with still life, velvet swag, faithful dog and tranquil sky, all surrounding the open, not particularly penetrated boyish face. In 1810 the subject, an old man, was painted by John Wesley Jarvis, certainly no world beater, but right in the center of the new tradition of American realism.

Realism is momentarily set back by the romanticism of Thomas Cole and Asher Durand, but as the Hudson River School continues its 19th Century *drang nach Albany* and even *nach Buffalo*, the two things are harmoniously blended. Had the school of painters come at a later date, it could more accurately have been called the New York Throughway School, for it is roughly the route of the Throughway rather than only that of the river that witnessed the fusion of realistic seeing with the improbably romantic lay of the land that even now distinguishes the ride from Nyack to Niagara.

Church, Kensett, Eastman Johnson, Inman, Quidor, even Audubon and Inness, all no doubt are minor figures, yet they are our own and Mrs. Kuh has pulled something of a coup by bringing them to light in this international yet local setting. America at fairs in recent years has gone along too readily with the fiction that we had no art until Pollock: at Venice this summer the date of our artistic birth was upped to Rauschenberg and Johns. Mrs. Kuh honestly acknowledges the existence of a whole tradition of painters in one state alone and reveals solid worth with it.

Outside the New York Pavilion, as a kind of bonus, Mr. Johnson has performed the considerable service of placing Pop Art exactly where it belongs, on a circular wall as amusement park decor. The whole crew is there and they all look infinitely better than ever they have in museums.

FRANK GETLEIN

Correspondence

Dale on Unemployment

Sirs:

I read with special interest the thought-provoking article by Edwin L. Dale, titled "The Great Unemployment Fallacy" (September 5).

Mr. Dale argues that the unemployment problem can be solved in its entirety by increasing aggregate demand to an adequate level and maintaining it there. As far as government policy is concerned, therefore, only general fiscal and monetary measures are needed to solve the unemployment problem.

I doubt that Mr. Dale is as lonely a holder of this persuasion as he seems to think he is. I am quite sure that no less than the President's Council of Economic Advisers are strongly inclined to this view. Even I, who he would no doubt include among that large group possessed of the "conventional wisdom," am convinced of the necessity for an adequate growth rate. That conviction was forcefully stated in the Employment and Manpower Subcommittee's report "Toward Full Employment," which was published last April.

There are very few who doubt that

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aggregate demand, if pushed hard enough, would achieve the results he describes. In fact, it is hypothetically possible to raise aggregate demand enough so that people not now working and out of the labor force would take jobs. But as soon as you begin talking about the size of growth rates necessary to achieve full employment (a reduction of unemployment to three percent) the question of reasonable price stability arises. A sharply rising price level would reflect, in large part, the difficulties of the economy in adjusting to rapid expansion in output. Not the least among these would be manpower adjustment problems. If one cites the wartime experience of full employment to prove the aggregate demand thesis, it would seem only fair to mention the elaborate system of wage and price controls, material priorities, restrictions on labor mobility, subsidized training, simplifying jobs to accommodate lower skill levels, all of which were a part of the picture. No responsible government can ignore price stability as a policy goal. However, the history of postwar policy in this country suggests that it has been politically easier to pursue price stability than to secure full employment. There are some responsible persons, in fact, who are convinced that the preoccupation with price stability is the main reason for an inadequate rate of growth.

It is true that aggregate demand has been, and continues to be high in West Germany. It is also true that the commitment to full employment in that country carried with it the establishment of a wide variety of specific manpower programs designed to reduce unemployment. This appears to be the Western European story in general.

There are good and compelling reasons for public manpower development programs which go beyond fear of possible massive displacements by automation. In order for the economy to operate effectively at full employment (as well as arrive at that blessed state with a minimum of friction) we are told that the factors of production must be mobile and responsive to change. As far as the labor force is concerned it is a fact that some workers are less mobile and responsive to change than others, *and for reasons beyond their control as individuals.* They either lack the knowledge of available jobs, don't know how to get the information, or cannot meet employer education requirements for a job. In short, a fairly substantial number of workers don't possess the equipment which the effective operation of the market demands of them – and there is nothing in the operation of the market, short of severe shortages, which will automatically provide them with the necessary equipment. Hence, an improved service to facilitate the flow of job information, and expanded training and education programs to improve the skill mobility of workers make for a smoother road to full employment.

On the whole, I think Mr. Dale, who is a distinguished correspondent in economic matters, would, in discussing this matter further, admit to taking a rather extreme position in this article.

I had hoped that one benefit of the hearings and report of the Employment and Manpower Subcommittee would be to resolve the debate between the "structuralist" and the "aggregate demand" positions. Under questioning, representatives of both positions freely granted that the best road to full employment would be a combination of aggregate and more specific manpower and area programs. Walter Heller, who is perhaps the strongest advocate of the aggregate demand school, stated before the Employment and Manpower Subcommittee last October (while the tax cut legislation was still very much in doubt, incidentally), that:

> "... While the tax cut is the fundamental method for raising, lifting the whole level of unemployment, for reducing the level of unemployment, the case for the methods that must accompany it, the training and retraining measures, the special regional and area measures, the educational beefing up that we need at all levels of education, *that case is absolutely undiminished ...*"

Otto Eckstein, recently appointed to the Council of Economic Advisers, is an outspoken advocate of policies to increase and sustain aggregate demand. In a speech before the Conference on Employment Problems of Automation and Advanced Technology this July in Geneva, he concluded that:

> "The challenging task before us [the United States] is the development of an optional mix of demand and labor market policies for expansion. On the one hand the government should continue to do everything it can to keep the growth of final demand at a sufficient rate. On the other hand we must equip the new entrants to the labor force to match the job opportunities, and we must restore the high productivity of workers laid off by technological advance. The combination of these policies will permit us not only to make good our interim unemployment target, but safely to set and achieve higher targets that will promote social justice by giving all the people in the labor force the opportunity to share in the material progress of our society."

It seems to me that no useful purpose is served by reopening a conflict which was based upon considerable misunderstanding in the first place. Having thus responded to Mr. Dale I feel that

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I have labored over the all-too-obvious. Perhaps Mr. Dale was pulling our leg. However, it occurs to me that the recent tax cut was really the first time we have used an aggregative measure, other than monetary policy, to achieve a faster rate of growth. It is too early to render final judgment on its effectiveness, but there are signs of a moderate improvement in unemployment. And remember, getting the tax cut was a laborious job and the results often are in doubt. This article should serve as a warning that preoccupations which defeat the positive use of aggregative measures are all too easy to come by, and that those of the "structuralist persuasion" should not, wittingly or unwittingly, contribute to the resistance to their use.

Joseph S. Clark, Chairman
Subcommittee on Employment and Manpower
United States Senate

Having long been an ardent admirer of Edwin Dale's writings, I deeply regret having to join those who last week in these columns took issue with his "The Great Unemployment Fallacy" in the September 5 issue of *The New Republic*. That adequate demand is basic and fundamental to full employment I would be the last person in the US to deny, as everyone who has the slightest familiarity with my life's work knows. But I cannot subscribe to the notion that there is nothing wrong with the US employment situation except inadequate demand.

Having just returned to this country after living a year in Sweden, I find Mr. Dale's article really a shock. Sweden is a country with continuous full employment and adequate aggregate demand. Yet the Swedish government finds it necessary to carry out continuously a large program of retraining and relocation. To keep the labor supply fit for modern industry, the entire population is given a thorough elementary education.

Mr. Dale refers to West Germany. There are no illiterates there. But in the US 23 percent of adult Negroes are illiterate by army standards, and a high proportion of the unemployed teenagers can't, when put to the test, read or do simple arithmetic. Germany has moreover always been famous for her program of apprenticeship training. Mr. Dale well knows that the US has throughout its history had to draw heavily upon Western Europe, notably the Scandinavian countries and Germany, for its skilled labor supply. That a country like Germany with her abundant supply of skilled labor and good basic education for the entire population can absorb a few half-literate Turks to do unskilled jobs is not anything that should surprise anyone.

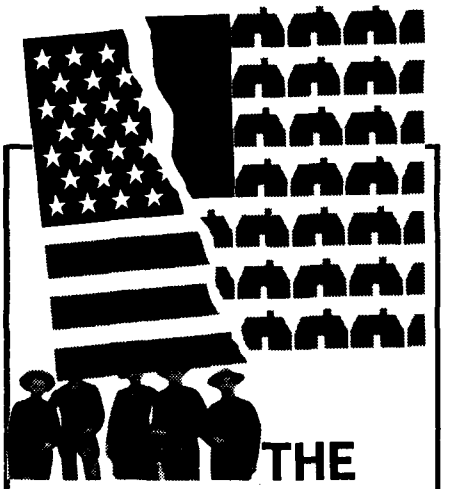
Why have we had to settle for a four percent definition of full employment – a figure which appears shocking to the advanced countries of Western Europe? Competent observers in these countries believe that the answer can in large measure be found in the misfit of our labor supply. The so-called Phillips curve lies high on the scale in the US. To shift it down to the European level will require a vast upgrading of the submerged decile.

Let us stop the stupid controversy that has been raging in the US during the last four years about adequate demand versus structural unemployment. Let us recognize that we have a gigantic task before us: (1) to raise the level of aggregate demand, and (2) to educate, train and rehabilitate the 10 to 15 percent of our labor supply which falls far below the standard set by the advanced countries of Western Europe.

Alvin H. Hansen
Littauer Professor of Political Economy, Emeritus
Harvard University

Edwin L. Dale, Jr., deserves a thunderous vote of gratitude for his tightly reasoned demolition of the great automation myth. As he points out, the rate of productivity advance of American labor has increased by only a small amount in recent years, a fact which conflicts sharply with the generally accepted idea that automation is a new force that has radically changed the nature of the US economy. As Dale also shows, there is plenty of evidence that more rapid growth of national output, induced by measures to stimulate demand, will result in many more of the unskilled being put to work.

One cause of our muddy thinking has been a tendency to consider the unem-



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ployment problem largely in terms of the manufacturing sector. Yet much that is useful might be learned if more attention were given to the services sector which has been expanding so rapidly in recent years – a sector in which there has also been much adoption of labor-saving equipment.

Whereas output and productivity gains in the manufacture of physical goods are unquestioned, there seems a good chance that, in the services sector, the available statistics overstate both the rise in physical volume of service and, consequently, the rise in productivity. This seems to be the implication of the deterioration over the years of the *quality* of services. Any consumer can cite a hundred instances, such as the inadequate number of sales people in department stores, the disappearance of the custom of wiping off the counter in restaurants and drug stores, the substitution of electronic telephone answering devices for live office personnel capable of answering questions, the errors made by electronic billing machines, and even the disappearance of plain old fashioned courtesy in retail establishments owned by impersonal national or regional corporations.

And so, we are getting poorer services, and although it is true that we are buying more of them, there is an inflationary factor represented by the decline in quality. The result is that the country's output of services *in real terms* has grown less than the statistics show. And if output of services has risen less than the figures indicate, the rate of productivity advance in the services sector has been less than indicated, too.

Of course, the remedy for deterioration in the quality of services is greater insistence by consumers on decent standards of service. This is not just a vain hope when one considers how seldom it is that anyone today takes the trouble to write a letter of complaint to the manager when he has been the victim of poor service. We all just seem to take it for granted that we can't expect the same quality of service our grandfathers enjoyed, and that, it seems to me, is the great mistake.

Successful consumer pressure to make retail establishments compete in rendering good service would raise retailers' costs and lower their profits. But total demand would be increased by the resulting increase in employment and wage payments. Moreover, many consumers would be willing to pay for better service through acceptance of higher prices.

When you consider that a one percentage-point decrease in the US unemployment rate requires the creation of only 720,000 jobs, and that the creation of one additional service job for each 264 Americans would result in that number of new jobs, this is something worth thinking about.

Lawrence H. Berlin
Washington, D. C.

Poor Dale; the world just won't stand still long enough for him. Mr. Dale is probably the best economic *journalist* on the scene. However, as an economic *analyst* he is usually a quarter of a century behind. About three years ago he published "Confession of a One-Time Conservative" (NR, 5/29/61) in which – twenty-five years late – he admitted that, by God, Keynes sure works in Western Europe, and why don't we knock off the silly balanced-budgeteering and go all out in the US too? Fine, but during all these years when we needed it, when full employment was feasible and could have been achieved via Keynes, Mr. Dale didn't get the message. The trouble now is that his belated awareness does him – and especially us – no good. For though he now admits to Keynes' efficacy, he fails to see that changed circumstances since have made Keynes irrelevant. Full employment policy has been rendered inadequate by technological unemployment; increasing aggregate demand by tax cuts or whatever does increase GNP, but not jobs. The statistics are clear.

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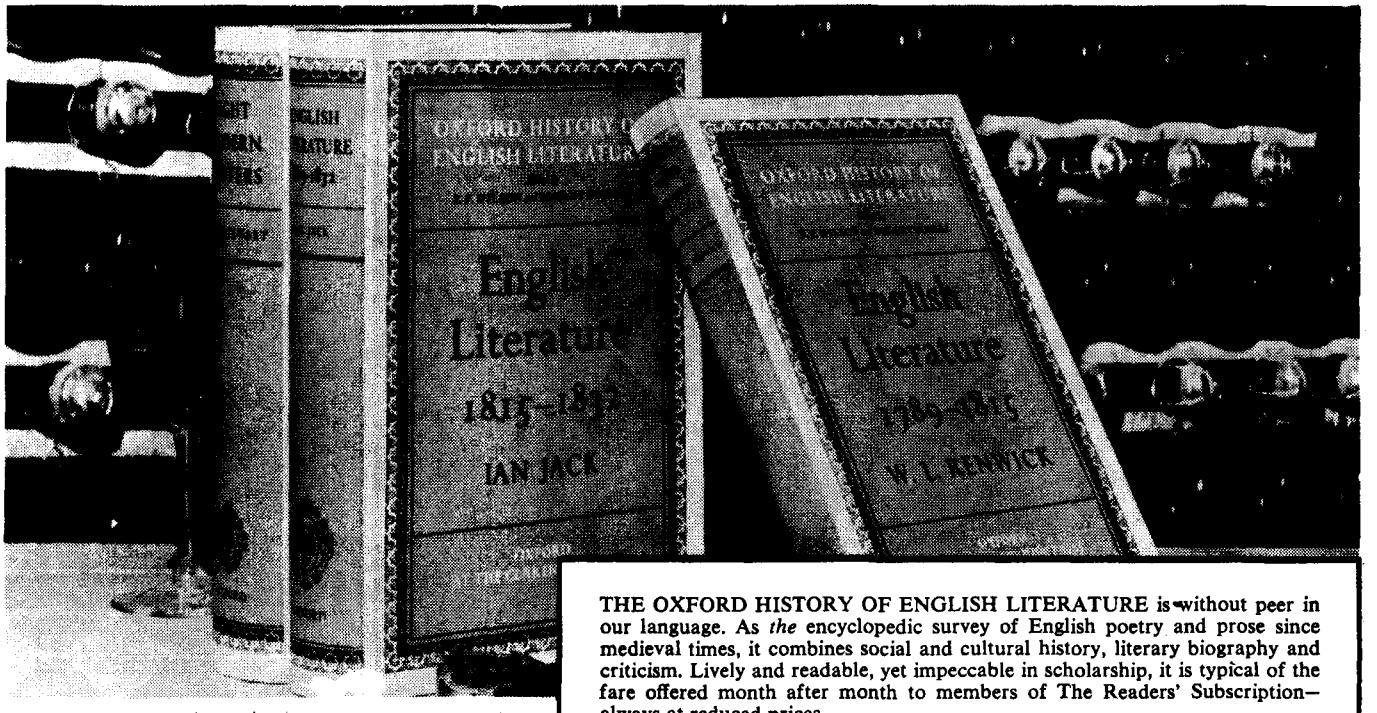

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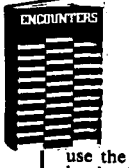

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